WHY BILL HART WAS FALSELY ACCUSED

Movie Weekly

June 30, 1923

TEN CENTS

"MAKE DIVORCE EASY *for* WOMEN!" *Pleads Leah Baird*

SCREEN STARS SEPARATE TO STAY MARRIED

Dorothy Gish

EDWARD THAYER MONROE

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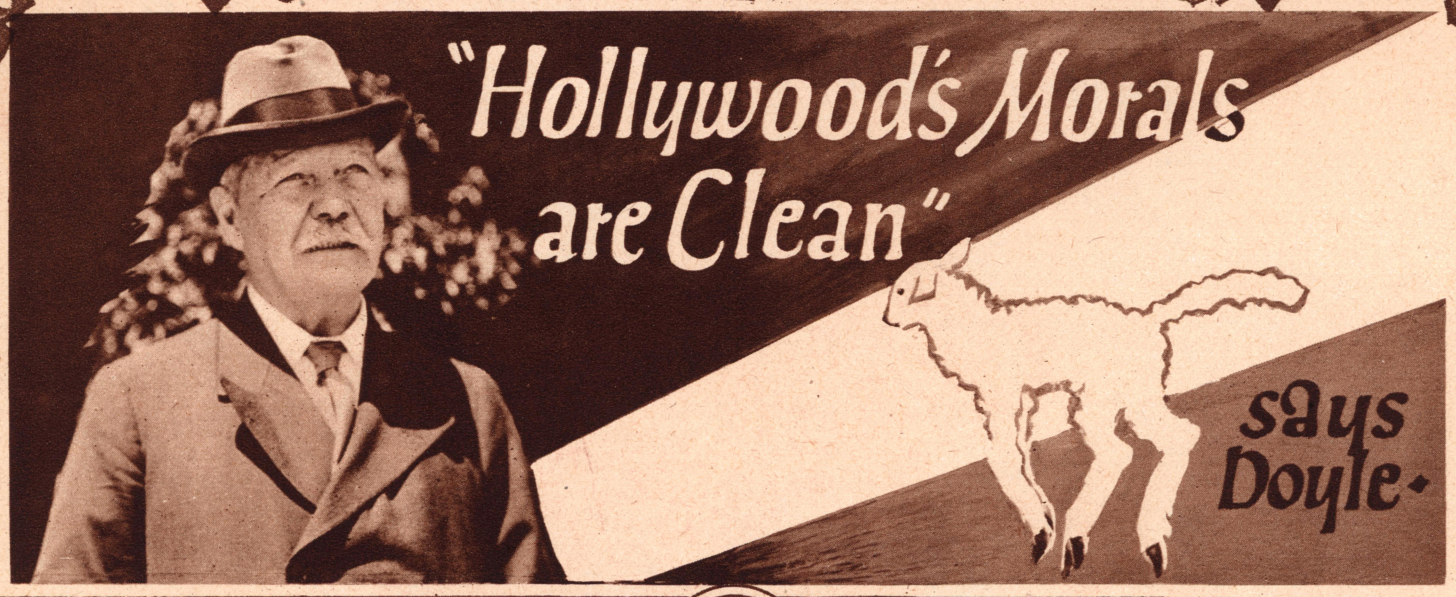

Coming

Untainted

Are the motion picture studios of Hollywood as corrupt as they have been pictured? Are its women fallen, its men debauched?

Is Virtue, in the film city, a priceless pearl that invariably is snatched from its owner to adorn the snout of a graceless swine?

"No!" declares Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the famous English author.

The gifted creator of Sherlock Holmes recently visited Hollywood, and if you would know what he found within the town of celluloid, read next week's issue of Movie Weekly.

The brilliant English novelist gives a clean bill of health to Hollywood and, what is more, he tells just why he does.

In next week's Movie Weekly!

ALSO

14 smashing features of interest to the fan.

On the stands—Thursday.

Could we say more?

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"MAKE DIVORCE EASY FOR WOMEN—BUT HARD FOR MEN!" pleads Leah BAIRD

Well known screen star declares that the instinct that makes *man naturally polygamous* should be curbed by stringent laws—Says women do not need them

By David A Balch

"I won't hesitate to say," declared *Miss Baird*, "that the average girl, once she marries, wants to stay married."

THE AUTHOR, producer and star of a picture entitled, "Is Divorce a Failure?" would, we felt certain, be sure to have something keen and arresting to say on the subject of divorce—divorce, the great indoor sport of America's married couples, who have been married long enough to have learned that matrimony is life's golden opportunity to make mistakes.

So thinking, we sought out Miss Leah Baird, who is all of the aforesaid, and sat with her for an hour or more on the mezzanine floor of the Hotel Pennsylvania. We can't recall ever having passed as much time more pleasantly. It was an enjoyable and instructive occasion.

Miss Baird, who came East recently accompanied by her husband, Arthur F. Beck, has been touring the country lecturing on marital mishaps which are part of the story of her new picture.

"Miss Baird," we observed, as we sank into an upholstered armchair, "the title of your picture, 'Is Divorce a Failure?' seems to us to be tolerably cryptic. In other words, we don't know what it means."

Miss Baird smiled.

"Perhaps that was part of the idea," she returned. "Titles that tell too much frequently defeat their own purpose—that of making the public want to see what they advertise."

"However," she added quickly, "it has really a very definite meaning and one which I'm sure you will acknowledge after I've explained it. The usual formula of 'Is Marriage a Failure?' fails in my opinion to answer anything. Whether it's a failure or not is beside the question. The fact is, it's necessary, and that's all there is to it.

NOW—granted that marriage is necessary, as any right-thinking person will concede, the remedy advanced for unsuccessful marriage is too often divorce. People will say, 'Well, if they are unhappily married, let them get a divorce,' and, having said this, they feel that they have satisfactorily solved the problem.

"But divorce is not the remedy for unsuccessful marriage, and I believe the consciousness of this is being borne in on people more and more as time goes on. Therefore, that's where the title of my new picture comes in. Do you see?"

"But," we protested, "what *is* the remedy? Here on all sides of us—our friends and our friends' friends—are people unhappily joined in holy wedlock and seeking an escape from a condition disagreeable to both parties concerned. If divorce doesn't solve their problem, what on earth does?"

Miss Baird looked out over the mezzanine balcony railing upon the lobby below with its innumerable occupants. Her lips were pursed in half-smiling thoughtfulness as she considered how best she could make her reply.

"The question," she answered finally, "is not one of getting divorce, but of *not* getting it. This is a paraphrase of the old axiom about the ounce of prevention being better than the pound of cure. What is needed is a condition of things that will make divorce far less likely—instead of the present order that seems to welcome it after the first year or two of married life."

We shrugged helplessly.

"You've mentioned ideals," we murmured.

MISS BAIRD straightened on the settee she occupied and entered a vigorous denial.

"I'm not," she objected. "I'm simply mentioning plain every day practicalities that will apply to every member of the human family."

The look on our face must have made her feel that some further convincing was necessary, for she hastened to make clear what she meant.

"It's necessary to go back to the very beginning of things to find the reason for the failure of marriage and the desire for divorce. Now, I'm a woman and I know my own sex, and I won't hesitate to say that the average girl, once she marries, wants to *stay* married.

"Matrimony for her represents the final haven—the place that spells *security*, and it isn't in woman's nature to care to disrupt such a state of things, even if she isn't particularly happy. The fact remains that she's married and rather than disturb that condition, or exchange it for something far less secure, or unknown, she will go on being happy in her own way, even if she doesn't particularly love her husband.

"But the man is different. Matrimony for him is a game called 'Getting the Girl' and once he has got her very often his fancy languishes, or settles

(*Continued on page* 31)

Why Bill Hart

Mad infatuation of Elizabeth MacCaulley, former Wellesley college teacher, for famous movie star, explains *invention of bogus baby*—Big Bill may now return to screen

By T. Howard Kelly

Big Bill in the office of *Movie Weekly* during his last visit east a few months ago.

THE SHOCKING confession of Elizabeth MacCaulley, former Wellesley College instructor, that she deliberately "framed" William S. Hart by adopting a boy baby, and naming the two-gun film hero as the child's father has done vastly more than clear this actor's name. It has saved screendom from a body blow. Always ready to capitalize every breath of scandal involving picture players, enemies of the movies were just on the verge of launching a new and bitter attack on the alleged immorality of the industry as a result of the Hart case when Miss MacCaulley admitted her conspiracy against Bill Hart.

As a result of this woman's tardy exoneration, the star of western dramas has returned from those trails of loneliness and silence, where he voluntarily exiled himself for months to prove that he is made of the fine stuff exhibited in his best characterizations. Bill went away a film hero who was quick on the trigger—a chap who always did a "white-man's" bit on the silver sheet, and who appealed to thousands of fans because he typified the colorful, virile, square-shooting American of the great open spaces. He has come back a two-fisted, high-hearted hero in real life.

Movie Weekly knows Hart would have remained out on those trails of silence forever if Miss MacCaulley had not made her confession. It does not matter that Bill knew in his secret heart he was not the father of the child. This knowledge, which became a soul agony with him, as he shut himself away from the world that loved him, would never have driven him to clear his name. Bill Hart belongs to that class of men who follow an inflexible code wherever women are concerned. That is why he would have gone on alone with his secret!

It was for her to speak first and deny the allegations that threatened to besmirch his name, which for years has been written high in the lights of fame and the hearts of his countrymen. Hart suffered a great deal because he lived up to his code. No one will ever know how much. The scars his experience nicked into his heart will never fully heal. Times must come, again and again, when Bill, alone with his thoughts and memories, will wince at the returning pain of these scars. But he will wince in silence, cheating the world of its chance to realize the utter magnaminity of this man who has proved that sometimes something tremendously dramatic happens in an actor's life to reveal him as the personification of the roles he plays in the land of make-believe.

"Rupert Leigh," the son of *Mrs. Lucy Webb* of *Brookline, Mass.*, whom *Miss MacCaulley* borrowed for her deception.

Big Bill Hart as the fans know him.

HIS REPLY to those who asked him if he intended to prosecute Miss MacCaulley is something to consider when analyzing Hart's make-up.

"I've never hit a woman standing up, and I am sure I'll never hit one when she's down," was his quietly spoken answer.

There is Bill Hart in one sentence—a sentence spoken by himself, summing up, as it were, the entirety of his character.

Now we know that no mysterious psychology is responsible for the appeal Hart has made through his picturized characters. In his deep-lined face, and eyes that never flinch, we have often seen a flesh and blood reflection of the soul which inspired everything Bill Hart ever did in the films, and in Life. This was obvious all the time, but it took the Gethsemane through which he has just passed to make us recognize and understand this obviousness.

So much has been printed in the newspapers concerning the accusation made by Miss MacCaulley, and her subsequent retraction of the charge until the fundamental facts in the case are now well-nigh smothered under an avalanche of sensational details and unconfirmed stories. For

was falsely accused

this reason I feel that the readers of Movie Weekly should be given a brief resume of the events and circumstances of the entire affair.

ELIZABETH MACCAULLEY, when she faced Hart in the office of District Attorney Woolwine in 1917, declared that the boy in her arms was the child of a romance between the actor and herself in the former's Los Angeles apartment. At the time of this love affair, Hart was a bachelor.

It was a swirling moment of anguish for William S. Hart. There before him stood a woman naming him as the father of the wondering child in her arms. A high official, representing the law of California, heard the woman's charge. Bill Hart knew her words were false, because he had never been alone with the woman.

He quietly insisted he was not the father of Miss MacCaulley's boy. According to Hart, the District Attorney believed the woman because her determined will was strong enough to make him believe her. The two-gun hero

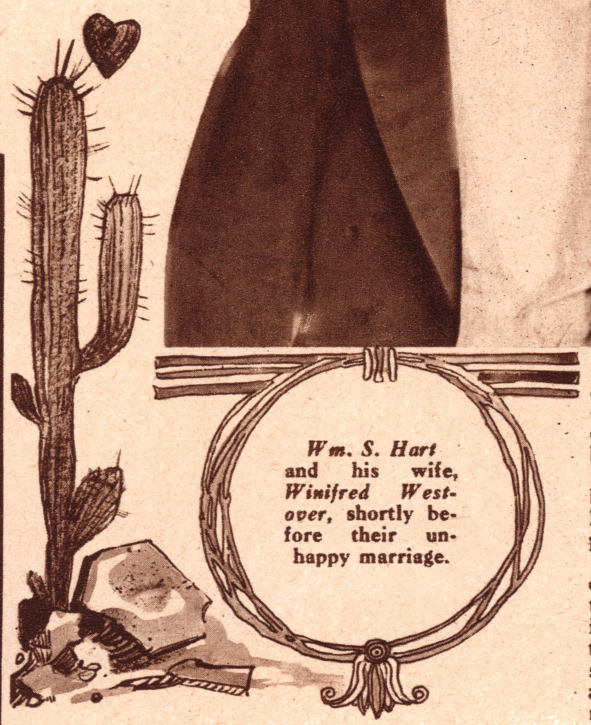
Elizabeth MacCaulley, former *Wellesley College* instructor, who accused *Big Bill* of being the father of her child.

forfeited his fame for silence and went away from the screen.

Years later, in 1921, William S. Hart married Winifred Westover, a motion picture actress. She left pictures shortly after the marriage ceremony. Eight months later the Harts separated. Again Bill Hart turned into a mute, lonely, mysterious man, going his own silent way, far from the screen's glamour. Again he suffered without so much as a word from those lips that have damned villains in the movies so often.

REGARDING his relations with Miss MacCaulley, Movie Weekly has Hart's own words, which confound any stories purporting to show that he did have an affair with the highly educated and cultured Boston school teacher.

The acquaintance between this strangely different pair of humans began as a result of the letters Miss MacCaulley used to send Hart about his screen work. At first her missives were counted as regular "fan mail." But after a while the teacher's letters became so obviously above the regular run of fan mail, that Mary Hart, Bill's sister, used to pay particular attention to them. It was



Wm. S. Hart and his wife, *Winifred Westover*, shortly before their unhappy marriage.

in this way that Hart came to know of the existence of Miss MacCaulley.

"Her letters never indicated anything but intelligent admiration and interest in my brother's acting," explained Mary Hart.

"I saw the writer of these letters at the instigation of my sister," supplemented Hart, "when the Boston lady who wrote such beautiful letters was in Hollywood. Mary and I took her to dinner."

One week later Miss Hart went to Honolulu. Hart afterwards invited Miss MacCaulley to have dinner with him and bring her friend.

"I did this as a courtesy in return for the kindness she had shown both my sister and myself. When Mary went away, Miss MacCaulley sent flowers and fruit to her steamer. At the appointed time, Miss MacCaulley, accompanied by a man, his wife, and three children, arrived at my apartment. I invited all of them to dinner. But, on account of a previous engagement they had to decline. Miss MacCaulley and I then went out to Marcel's Cafe on Fourth Street and dined."

Bill Hart denies he ever saw her under any other circumstances except when she was walking her dog on the street and stopped him for a moment's chat as he was driving to the studio.

Given these few moments with William S. Hart, this woman, who seems to have been actuated by a mad desire to win the star's attention, or connect her name with his in some way, went away, never to return until she faced him in District Attorney Woolwine's office with a baby and her story of wrong.

The above represents the facts in this case until a few days ago, when Miss MacCaulley not only confessed her conspiracy, but admitted that the child used to deceive Woolwine was not her own baby. She admitted the child had been procured for her purpose. Not until she confessed did Hart break silence. And even now he has said very little in comparison to what he might give out for publication.

It is interesting, of course, to discover the extremes to which this woman went in her efforts to get a hold on the man who fascinated her. But it would be much more interesting if we knew all that Bill Hart has been through during the lonely, silent months he spent in the shadow of a false accusation. At the present moment the actor does not seem inclined to tell much about his own experience. However, Movie Weekly is going to do everything in its power to make him see that a full explanation is due himself in view of the way his admirers and the fans have kept faith with him even during his silence.

ACCORDING to Miss MacCaulley, she secured the bogus baby by asking a Mrs. Lucy Webb of a Massachusetts town to let her adopt Robert, Mrs. Webb's son. Detailed arrangements were entered into by both Mrs. Webb and Elizabeth MacCaulley. Just as both parties were ready to sign the legal papers of adoption, Miss MacCaulley demanded a few weeks of "trial adoption." Her request was granted, and in a short time Mrs. Webb was receiving picture postcards from the points at which Miss MacCaulley stopped en route to California. Miss Webb did not know of the true situation regarding her son until his pictures appeared in the papers later, naming him as Bill Hart's love child. Elizabeth MacCaulley's confession, which has removed all shadows and clouds from William S. Hart's name, was long overdue. But, because it has come at last, the actor is now before the world, a man without a blemish.

He is a member of the profession who has lived a long time in the world which is alleged to breed scandal, without having an indelible mark placed on his moral record. But he only escaped because a woman confessed her attempt to ruin his name before it was entirely too late. Bill Hart's experience makes me wonder how many other screen stars and stage stars have been unjustly defamed before the public without ever getting a chance to square themselves. (*Continued on page 29*)

What the Wild Waves are Spraying

If you want to hand out compliments to *Viola Dana,* we certainly can't blame you, but that isn't what she is fishing for.

Time and tide wait for no man, they say, but if we were the tide, we'd certainly wait for *Doris Eaton,* the *Century Comedy* star.

Leatrice Joy would satisfy any old beach censor we can think of; she not only wears stockings with her bathing suit, she wears shoes.

Betty Compson doesn't need to say, "Come on in, the water's fine." Her joyful expression says it for her.

When *Shirley Mason* hangs her clothes on a hickory limb, she not only goes near the water, but she does all sorts of trick diving.

Saving Wayward GIRLS is Vera GORDON'S Mission

Famous Jewish mother in "Humoresque" *reveals the secret* and devoted purpose of her life

By Alma M. Talley

"I don't believe in luxuries," declared *Vera Gordon.* "How much better it is to use that extra money to help those who need it."

WHAT WOULD you do, if all of a sudden you acquired a lot of money? Probably, if you haven't much, you sometimes dream about all the things you'd buy if your aunt left you a fortune or you became a movie star or married a millionaire or something. Perhaps, in your day-dreams you see yourself riding in a Rolls-Royce and wearing sables and diamonds. That, possibly, is your idea of what to do with a lot of money.

But that is not what wealth means to Vera Gordon. Mrs. Gordon lived her youth amid the poverty of New York's lower east side and then, presto! good fortune came to her. You'd think, wouldn't you, that she would have satisfied all those starved desires of hers for finery when she found her purse all filled with gold?

But she didn't!

She turned around and gave her money to those who needed it, as she herself once did. It is her greatest happiness to make others happy, and many an outcast or orphan blesses the name of Vera Gordon!

"Why should I spend a lot of money on myself?" asked Mrs. Gordon in her deep, motherly voice. She speaks with a decided accent—an accent that is Russian-Jewish. "I give my two children all they need, but I don't spoil them with a lot of luxuries. I don't believe in luxuries. How much better it is to use that extra money to help those who need it. Whenever anyone comes to me for help, I am always glad to do all I can."

BUT DON'T a lot of people come to you with hard luck tales who don't really deserve help?" we suggested.

"I suppose so," she admitted. "But I can't resist them. I believe everything anybody tells me. And anyone who needs my help goes right to my heart. On my vaudeville tours I am constantly running across someone, or some orphan's home that needs my assistance.

"One of the saddest things I have ever seen is a home for wayward girls in a big city in Texas—poor little girls of fifteen and sixteen, with babies on their hands, and so bewildered they scarcely know what life is all about. How could anyone help wanting to do something for them?

HERE'S a very interesting story in connection with this home. It was once a brothel. The woman who owned it was determined that her daughter should not be contaminated by its influence. She kept her away from the rest of the girls, spent all kinds of money having her educated. She was taught music, French, painting—nothing was too good for this daughter. But the mother couldn't save her, and the daughter went the way of all the unfortunate rest, and died.

"The mother was simply crushed by her loss. She was so heart-broken that she distributed all her money among the girls; she said she never wanted anything more to do with such tainted wealth. And she offered her house to any charitable institution that wished it. So it was turned into a home to help girls.

"And the woman who took charge of it is just like a mother to those girls. She had twelve children of her own and all but two of them died. So children meant a lot to her with her big mother heart.

"I visited this home when I passed through that city and it was pitiful to see these forlorn little girls. I mothered them and helped them in every way I could, and, would you believe it, almost every little girl baby that was born there was named Vera!"

AND Vera Gordon's tender brown eyes could not have been more full of pride if she had been given the key to the city!

"In Philadelphia I have twenty-two children whom I adopted," she told us, with pride and affection in her voice. "They have a real home there with a wonderful couple to look after them and treat them like their own children. These little tots were all left homeless when the influenza carried off so many of our young people a few years ago. Some public-spirited persons in Philadelphia took charge of them. When I first saw them they were in an orphan asylum that was just like any other asylum

(*Continued on page* 30)

Famous Blackface Comedian becomes Griffith star

Al Jolson, *world famous laugh-maker* and singer of popular songs, will enter the movies under D. W. Griffith's banner

By Charles E. Dexter

"I met my love in *Avalon!*" sang *Al. Jolson*, and the world sang it with him.

"SURE I'M going into pictures," Al Jolson told me. "They won't let Valentino act, so I have to step into the breach."

Al Jolson was kidding, as Al Jolson kids, but he was speaking the truth at the same time. The famous blackface comedian, singer, song-writer, dancer, show producer and friend of the famous, is not only going into pictures, but going into pictures with both feet. He is going to play the lead and is to be starred in D. W. Griffith's next film.

Al Jolson probably means more to Broadway than to any other part of the United States. It is true that he has just returned from a tour of the country in "Bombo," and that he has played everywhere from north to south to east to west. But Broadway and in particular the famous Winter Garden are his stamping grounds. And I was fortunate enough to see him under circumstances which explain his great popularity and his success.

I went to see him in "Bombo" on the hottest night of the summer. The temperature was high in the 80's, the humidity was oppressive. Merely to sit in a theatre seat was hard work. The other members of the company went through their roles, no more. But Al Jolson, his face covered with dripping cork that fell into his eyes, his nose and his mouth, sang, danced, jested, made extemporaneous wise cracks, worked like a beaver, on the stage most of the time from 8:30 until 11:15.

"Why does he do it? Why doesn't he take things easy?" the audience asked.

The truth is that nothing can stop Al Jolson from working hard because, as he says, he never works hard.

Between the acts I found him sponging himself, holding a conversation with Morris Gest, the famous producer, on one hand, and various other callers, on the other.

"This isn't work to me," he said. "Going out on the stage and letting myself go, that isn't work. I'd rather crack jokes and sing songs than breathe or eat. It's all fun. Life is all fun.

"But about this picture work. I've practically signed up with Mr. Griffith. The papers are all ready and by the end of this week, they'll probably be signed. Mr. Griffith wants to do a picture with a negro as the central character. He has the story all ready.

"You know, they say that picture making will be a vacation for me, a rest in the out-of-doors, and all that. But no jumping off cliffs for me."

IT'S PRETTY hard to say how Jolson will get along without his tongue in pictures. The Jolson tongue wags faster than any other tongue in the show business. Belonging to his company is like being with an animated joke book. At the close of each performance, the company is grouped in a semi-circle around the stage, chorus and principals together. They wait expectantly for Jolson to step on his little dais in front of the orchestra and to tell his latest stories. There isn't a moment of boredom in a Jolson production, his energy vitalizes all with whom he comes into contact.

But it is safe to say that D. W. Griffith will make Jolson forget that he can't tell jokes in motion pictures. In the first place, Jolson is a talented actor. His negro impersonations are remarkably realistic. And Mr. Griffith knows the negro. Looking back over the list of negro productions, you can remember the remarkable negroes of "The Birth of a Nation," startling in their lifting of the curtain on the half-concealed savagery of the black man of 1865.

THEN came "One Exciting Night," with its delightful negro comedy, and now "The White Rose," in which negro humor relieves the tragic atmosphere of the story.

So it is with full confidence that we can predict that Al Jolson will give movie fans something they have never seen before.

***Al. Jolson*, highest paid blackface entertainer on the *American* stage, who will shortly become a *Griffith* screen star.**

For Jolson's popularity extends to all classes. President Harding is one of his biggest boosters. The President always invites the comedian to the White House when he is in Washington. And Jolson is the only

(*Continued on page 29*)

Separate occasionally and stay married say the Vidors

"Our decision to live apart," said *Miss Vidor*, "was because we wished to try an experiment."

Screen star and her director husband find *secret for marital happiness* in occasional vacations from each other—Find it works beautifully

By Thomas Tarrington

THERE is a current saying to the effect that if work interferes with your pleasure, cut out the work. King Vidor, noted movie director, edits this bit of bombastic philosophy to read, "If your wife interferes with you, cut out your wife!" Strange as it may seem, his wife agrees.

Beautiful Florence Vidor, heroine of many screen plays, emphatically denies that there is any "other man" in her life or her dreams except the father of her small daughter.

King Vidor, her husband, and the maker of numerous movies which we have all seen upon the silver sheet, goes farther. He not only denies there is "another woman" in his scene of things, but he declares he and Florence are compatible in many more ways than are the majority of married persons.

Then why, Hollywood and the film world ask, has Director Vidor left the palatial home he built on Fairfax Avenue, Hollywood, to set up a residence for himself apart from his wife and child?

The answer is a startling one. It will shock mid-Victorian-minded folks, for it strikes a heavy blow at the old-fashioned concept of marriage which amounts to this, that once married a man and woman must stick to each other through thick and thin. Vidor and Florence are both creative artists, and now that publicity has made their plans conspicuous, they are reluctantly confessing the belief, founded on years of experience, that individual growth and development are hindered by the ordinary marriage state.

This separate marriage existence move is not the pioneering step in the matter, inasmuch as it refers directly to people engaged in the creative field of endeavor. Fannie Hurst, who writes such impressionistic things for various magazines, confessed to the world a few years ago that she was married to a man with whom she breakfasted only twice a week. But insofar as it touches moviedom, I think the Vidors have started something new.

If the "stunt" takes with the Vidors, I suppose we can expect Hollywood to make the idea fashionable. For the past two years many inside stories of marital troubles have drifted eastward to indicate that conflict of temperament and creative minds has been responsible for numerous divorce actions in the motion picture world.

There is a very fundamental idea contained in the attempt of the Vidor family. It is an idea which touches upon marriage separation without jeopardizing any moral issues and for that reason alone it has a wholesomeness about it.

King and *Florence Vidor*, director and screen star, who separate periodically for happiness' sake.

IF TWO personalities are filled with their own ambitions and hopes of achievement it is hardly reasonable to believe that either can merge his or her genius into highly satisfactory results merely because of a marriage license. In other words, when a person is creative, he makes or composes things from the original impulses within his mind and heart. Mrs. Vidor sums this up in the following explanation of her own case:

"Our decision to live apart as two separate human units was brought about because we wished to try an experiment and ascertain certain things. We are trying to do a big thing which I may best express by saying we are seeking permanent happiness for each other without sacrificing individuality.

"We are two definite, forceful personalities," she declared, "and it is our purpose to work out our separate destinies so that neither will be called upon to relinquish certain concepts, certain beliefs and certain ideals we hold."

Mrs. Vidor would not disclose just what were the concepts and ideals over which she and her husband have apparently a vast difference of opinion.

"This is something that concerns only the two of us," she said evasively. "I would rather not go into details or even hints. Through no fault of our own, Mr. Vidor and myself have been described as one of the happiest married couples in filmdom. We have been happy. We are yet, and still with the passing of the years the question of individual growth and development has come to be the overshadowing one."

IN THESE words the star admits that after all, she and her husband have not been ideally mated, for there can be no real happiness when clouds are incessantly lowering over the horizon of daily life. If the truth were told, it might come to light that very few people who reach fame in the theatrical world can be happily married to one person for any length of time under everyday conditions. First of all, theatrical stars and celebrities have their careers at heart first. Then there are a thousand and one interludes between their chosen work and the idea of home-making and marriage.

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English Beauty Contest Winner Goes Back Home

Margaret Leahy and *Buster Keaton* in a scene from the latter's latest comedy, *"The Three Ages."*

"I think the *American* movie stars are fine, serious - minded clever men and women," said *Miss Leahy.*

Margaret Leahy, the "*girl with the perfect film face*," returns to England to make personal appearances at showings of her first picture with Buster Keaton

By Regina Cannon

ONE AFTERNOON a few weeks ago, Margaret Leahy entertained at a farewell tea held at the Hotel Algonquin, New York.

Miss Leahy, you remember, is the English girl who won the Beauty Contest conducted by the Talmadges during their stay in London last summer. Her story reads like a fairy tale.

Before coming to this country to go into pictures, she was employed in a fashionable London shop. Each evening, on her way home from work, she bought a copy of the paper in which the Talmadge Contest was run and gazed wistfully at the pictured countenances of English beauties.

One day she was surprised—perhaps *startled* expresses it better—to see her own photograph smiling back at her from the printed page. She couldn't believe her eyes—some unknown person must be doubling for her or something! But no, it was Margaret Leahy. For even though she had not had the courage, as she herself expressed it, to send her picture to the paper, there it was.

It developed that a girl, to whom she had given her photograph as a birthday gift, realizing that the picture compared favorably with those of other contestants, sent it to the paper.

On the last day of the contest, it was learned that 88,000 girls had competed. From this number, the fifty most beautiful were selected and given a dinner-dance by Norma and Constance Talmadge.

"At that dance," said Miss Leahy, "I was the lonesomest girl in the world. I sat by myself. No one spoke to me—no one came near enough to me to speak, for that matter. I was terribly bored and wanted the party to end.

"After it was over, though, I discovered that Norma and Mr. Schenck had been watching me and decided that I was to be the lucky one. You can't know how happy I was! It's funny how one event can change the whole face of things, isn't it?"

"Well, *such* an event," we replied, "coming into *our* life would turn things completely upside down!"

"The winner of the contest was to be brought to America to play the second part, that of *Aggie Lynch,* in Norma's picture, 'Within the Law,'" continued Miss Leahy.

"When I reached Hollywood last fall, however, it was decided that *Aggie Lynch* was not a character for me to portray. She, as you know, typifies the American 'tough' girl. At the time I knew very little of how the *average* American girl would act in a given situation, not to speak of what a particular 'class' of American girl would do under certain circumstances.

"It is very much the same as if one of your girls were to come to London to act the 'cockney' English girl. It would take months of association with one of these girls to become well enough acquainted with the type to portray it successfully."

"So what did you do in place of it?" we inquired.

"I was made Buster Keaton's leading lady," returned Miss Leahy triumphantly. "The picture is called 'The Three Ages'—the three ages being the Stone Age, the Roman Age and the Modern Age. It is Mr. Keaton's first six reel comedy and I'm sure everyone is going to like it. It's by far the best thing he's done, and, in good old United States language—'that's saying something!'

"I'm returning to England to make personal appearances in conjunction with the picture, for although it won't be shown in this country until early fall, it will be exhibited during the Queen's Festival, a charitable event held each summer."

"What do you think of America and its fourth largest industry?" we queried.

THEY'RE wonderful," returned Miss Leahy enthusiastically, "the country and the motion picture industry both! The American people, too, are splendid. They are so friendly and always willing to give each other a helping hand. Everyone has been more than kind to me, a stranger."

"What are your impressions of our movie stars?" we pursued.

"I think they're fine, serious-minded, clever men and women. Of course I know the Talmadge family best. Norma is so sweet and Constance so witty and Buster Keaton is as funny in the flesh as in the film. Oh, these six months in America have been wonderful!"

"Will you return to us?" we inquired eagerly.

"I hope to. I like your country, I love the movies, and like Merton, 'I want to do bigger and better things,'" Miss Leahy finished with a twinkle in her eye.

"The Fighting Blade" A drama of the sword

Latest Barthelmess picture has *scenes laid in England* during the reign of the Stuarts—Dorothy Mackail his leading woman

By Paul Rochester

THE SWORD is the thing in "The Fighting Blade," Dick Barthelmess' new photoplay.

Dick, for the first time in his career as a star, drops out of modern times completely and becomes a gentleman of the most gentlemanly period of England's history, the period of the Stuart Kings and the mighty fight they waged against the Roundheads, the Puritans and other Republicans.

"The Bright Shawl," Dick's last picture, showed him as a gentleman of 1850, a handsome young New Yorker who looked as if he stepped out of a daguerreotype. In "The Fighting Blade" he becomes a Cavalier, with long curls hanging down his shoulders, resembling nothing so much as one of those old paintings of the two King Charles and the two King James, who were the last of the Stuarts.

Beulah Marie Dix wrote the story, which tells of a Cavalier youth. Karl Van Kerstenbrook, who is known as the best swordsman in all Europe.

Richard Barthelmess* and *Dorothy Mackail* in a charming scene from *"The Fighting Blade."

A tense moment of sword play in *"The Fighting Blade,"* the new *Barthelmess* feature.

Young Karl falls in love with a girl who is the daughter of one of the Roundhead leaders, Thomasine Musgrove.

How his sword saves her and how he reconciles his own connections with his love, provides a compelling story with many thrilling scenes.

"The Fighting Blade" brings Dorothy Mackail to the fore as the leading woman for Barthelmess. Miss Mackail is a former Follies girl who has advanced rapidly in films in the last year, playing the lead in several. Her most recent photoplay was "Mighty Lak' a Rose."

ASSOCIATED with her in this picture, as her sister, Charlotte Musgrove, is another former Ziegfeld beauty, Allyn King, who has appeared in numerous Broadway plays, notably "Getting Gertie's Garter," but who has not done much screen work.

The remainder of the cast consists of Lee Baker as the Earl of Staversham; Morgan Wallace, as Lord Robert Erisey; Bradley Barker, as Watt Musgrove; Frederick Burton, as Cromwell; Stuart Sage, as Viscount Carisford; Philip Tead, as Lory Trevor; Walter Horton, as Bob Ayskew; and Marcia Harris, as Joan Laycock.

John S. Robertson, who directed "The Bright Shawl," is again Dick's director, and Everett Shinn, the famous artist, is again art director.

FAMOUS PLAYERS has announced its program for the fall and winter of 1923-1924, heading the list with the superproduction, "Hollywood," a complete story of which appeared in a recent issue of Movie Weekly. Most of its other productions for the coming season have not been given much publicity, although they comprise a group of photoplays which will undoubtedly rank among the leaders.

"Hollywood" with its 20 stars and 40 screen celebrities, comes first. Next is George Melford's production of "Salomy Jane," bringing to the screen the girl of the redwoods. The Girl, in this instance, will be Jacqueline Logan, and George Fawcett and Maurice B. Flynn support her.

"Lawful Larceny," from the popular Broadway play, will follow. Hope Hampton, Nita Naldi, Conrad Nagel and Lew Cody head the cast and play the story of a wife who lost her husband to a beautiful vamp and won him back again in a startling maner. This production is said to be the last word in gorgeous sets and gowns and the Cleopatra costume of Nita Naldi is said to be worth many times the price of admission. Allan Dwan, who directed "Robin Hood," made this picture.

Movie Weekly fans have read about Gloria Swanson's production of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," which follows on the Paramount list. "The Silent Partner," starring Leatrice Joy, follows it. Owen Moore and Robert Edeson are the other leading players. The story tells of poor people made rich, and their difficulties, and the silent partner of the story is the wife.

Zane Grey's novel of Arizona in the 80's, "To

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Screen Success—At Last!

Harold Lloyd and his young nephew, *Gaylord Lloyd.*

His life up to the present:

Harold Lloyd was born in Burchard, a small town in Nebraska. His parents were hard-working, but very poor. As a youngster, Harold sold newspapers and popcorn to help out the family. The little business was broken up when the family moved to Omaha. Harold often played actor, using the household furniture for props. While watching a window demonstration one day, the future great comedian met John Lane O'Connor, a well-known stock actor, to whom he confided his plans and ambitions. Through Mr. O'Connor, Harold received his first glimpse back stage. The visit resulted in Harold eventually getting a chance with Mr. O'Connor's company. When Harold was fourteen, a relative bequeathed $3,000 to his father, who decided to move again. Harold suggested they toss a coin—heads to California—tails to New York. Heads it is, so they go to San Diego. Harold does some work with the Morosco Stock Company, helps John Lane O'Connor with his dramatic school and gets a job as a movie extra at $3.00 per day. This lasts but a few days and he spends weeks trying to get another job. Finally he makes up like an actor and walks past the gatekeeper of the Universal studio. Once inside he gets a part as an extra. He meets Hal Roach, who is also an extra. They work in the same picture and become fast friends. Hal inherits a thousand dollars and starts producing two reel comedies with Harold as the star at $5.00 per day. The first picture is sold to Pathe, which company asks for more.

THIS time, I believed I was justified in leaving him. I thought I could get another job easily enough, and with slight effort I did so. I signed with the famous old Keystone company and appeared with Fatty Arbuckle and Ford Sterling in one of those ancient comedies which made every picture fan laugh. And it happened that I had quit Roach at just the right time. The little money he had had given out, and he was forced to stop production. He had the negative of "Just Nuts," worth, so far as he was concerned at the moment, nothing, and he went back to acting, king a job with Essanay.

Although I did not know it at the time, destiny was taking a hand in shaping both of our futures. Although we did not know it, the fate of both Hal Roach and myself was then in the hands of forces of which we knew nothing.

This was our situation: I was a young actor, barely earning enough to live. I was working temporarily in a company which offered me nothing, a big company for those days, it is true, but a company which had so many stars that a mere youth like myself, with little comedy experience, had small chance of making an impression.

Roach seemingly had made no advance in life. He had, it seemed, gone backward. He had used up the little money he had inherited, in pictures which could not be sold at a profit. He had gone backward, to acting.

Yet both of us were at the thresholds of our careers. The morrow was to show us the way to fame and fortune.

On that morrow, Hal Roach packed the negative of "Just Nuts" in tin containers and shipped it to the offices of Pathe Freres, in New York. Doubtfully, mistrusting fate, he awaited a reply.

THE REPLY offered him the key to a future. "Just Nuts" had made the hardened movie producers laugh until tears flowed. They thought it the best comedy ever offered to them. They wired back an immediate acceptance, stating an amount for outright purchase which stunned Roach, for it was far greater than he expected or would have asked. They also queried him, asking him if he would make more comedies along the same lines. They were not interested in dramas, they said. They wanted comedies, and comedies with the same comedian who appeared in "Just Nuts."

I was that comedian. One picture had made me. The picture which I wanted to quit before it was completed, the picture I left adrift, in my eagerness for five more dollars a day, that picture was to open a treasure chest for me, a treasure chest filled with millions.

Roach immediately called me up.

"Pathe has offered to advance me money for a new production," he told me.

Then, in a spirit of fairness, he explained the whole matter to me, telling me how much Pathe liked my work, and asking me if I would help him again.

I agreed at once, and on this occasion, I did sign a star contract, calling for $50 a week. One more step up the ladder!

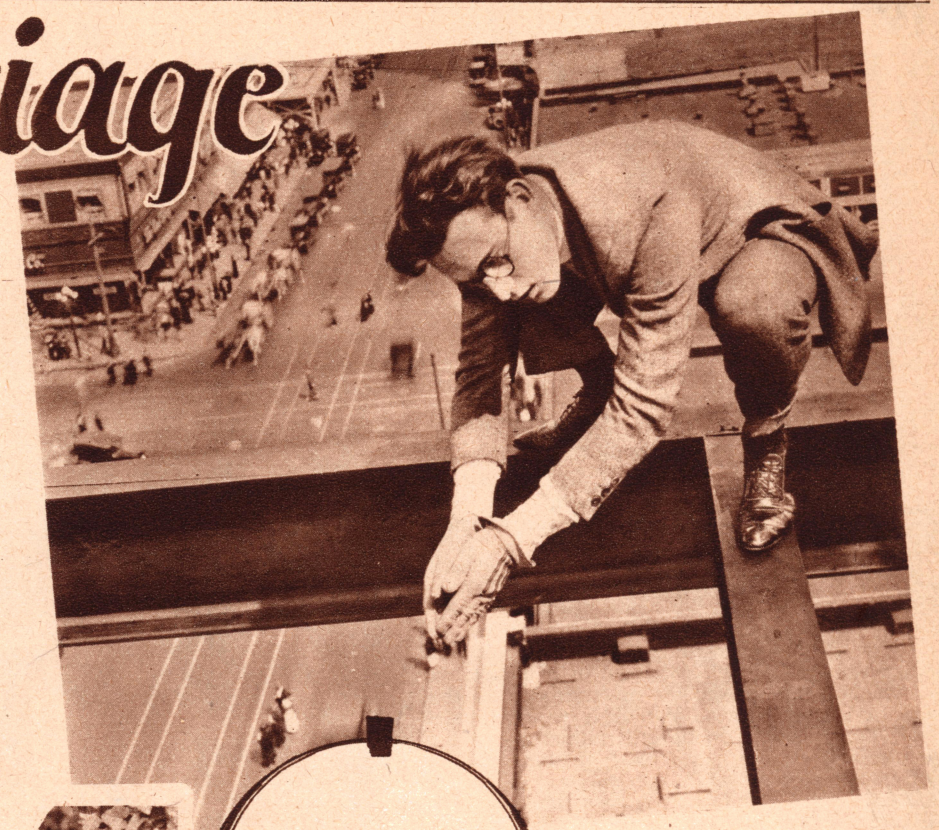
Our circumstances improved accordingly. We

An old-time *Harold Lloyd* comedy in which *Bebe Daniels* was *Harold's* leading woman.

and Marriage

Sixth instalment of Harold Lloyd's own story of his rise to screen fame and his courtship and marriage with Mildred Davis, his charming wife

Written in collaboration with Lawrence Langdon



A scene from *"Safety Last,"* the latest *Harold Lloyd* comedy.

now had a real studio, a small one, but nevertheless a real one. We had backing, not thousands of dollars, but enough to enable us to make good one-reel comedies. And we were now enthusiastic. This last element was worth as much to us as the money, for with it we started out to create something new, something different in screen humor.

The morning after Roach's telephone message, I held a real conference with him in the office of the studio he had just rented. The topic before the conference was the type of comedy we were to make. And to our credit, I firmly believe, we chose something as different from that of Charlie Chaplin as possible.

At that time most of the comedians of the screen were of the opinion that all they needed to get laughs were baggy pants and a little moustache. Let them appear in that make-up and their troubles would be at an end, they thought.

Harold and *Mildred Davis Lloyd*, the screen comedian's wife, before their home in *Hollywood* with *Harold's* two young nephews.

I wanted to be different. I went to the other extreme. I decided to wear tight-fitting pants, a tight-fitting coat, a tramp hat, and a moustache that finally shrank into two little dots of hair on either side of my nose.

Thus was born Lonesome Luke. He, that is, I, played in more than a hundred pictures, many one-reelers, but the majority two-reelers. Those two years were years of trials, years of earnest effort, years in which I put my shoulder to the wheel and in which I struggled in every way to earn the fame I felt I would some day claim. The story of my early difficulties ends now. I was now no longer to worry about where the next meal was to come from. I was now to have enough money to buy the silk shirts I craved. I was now to rise slowly but surely into prominence as one of the accepted stars of the screen. But I was not to win these honors easily. I was to fight for them with my very flesh and blood and heart and soul.

No man knows when he first became successful. No man can point to a certain moment and say that at that moment his career began. One of a thousand little incidents might have changed my entire life. The thread that linked them all together was my own will to succeed, a slender thread, but one which never, never broke.

THOSE two years of Lonesome Luke were filled with surprises. and on one occasion, as I shall relate, with fear, pain and the feeling that all had been in vain. But they were the years when I was building. Before I had been merely excavating. Now I was building, building upward, ascending the ladder to success.

During that period we discovered a new leading lady. We were working in the old studio, and on an adjoining set, Jim Youngblood, the Indian, was making a Western.

In his company we noticed a particularly attractive youngster—she was not more than fifteen years old then—a girl who attracted because of her vigorous personality as well as her beauty. On the following day we were casting for a new leading woman. We called up the agents and we ransacked our memories, but none of those we interviewed seemed to suit. None had the pep, the vivacity, the beauty which are the requirements of a successful comedy leading woman.

AS WE SAT there, interviewing unlikely candidates, another person's fate was in the crucible, and we were blending her future with ours. We turned down all the girls sent us by the agencies, and at last, when we were at our wit's ends, we left our own office and strolled out on the stage.

There the little girl in Youngblood's company was going through a scene which required some comedy. We watched her, and we marvelled at her ability.

"Say, Harold," Hal suddenly said to me, "that girl over there would be just the person for us. Let's ask her if she is free."

That noon, in a little restaurant near the studio, we began negotiations with Bebe Daniels. We found her to be just a child, eager to learn. Nature had been very kind to her, for her beauty distinguished her from the average. Her eyes were brilliant and flashing, and her personality made itself felt as soon as she stepped on to the set.

Of course, she lacked experience, but it was not long before she grasped the technique of comedy acting, and made herself entirely at home in her new surroundings. For our part, we gave her every encouragement, and we were satisfied in that she fulfilled our every wish.

Such was our discovery of Bebe Daniels, a girl who played opposite me until the day came when she heard the call to stardom herself, and when we were only too glad to permit her to accept the position rightfully due her.

Much of the remainder of my story tells of the slow progress of my name and my pictures until they reached the position at which both stand

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"Fogbound"—a "thriller"—latest

Dorothy Dalton and *David Powell* in a tense scene from *"Fogbound."*

"FOGBOUND"
A Mystery Play

Although Dorothy Dalton is featured in "Fogbound," she has little to do. The center of interest in this story of a raid on a Florida roadhouse and the murder which follows, is Maurice Costello, who plays the mean murderer and gives a fairly clear characterization. It is many a day since the famous screen idol of a decade ago has had a part as long or as important as this role of Deputy Brown. Although his vicissitudes have been many, Costello still retains his ability to act and he dominates most of the scenes in which he appears.

Another good bit of acting is provided by Mrs. Ella Miller, a veritable negress, who plays a mammy role which is very real. Mammy is superstitious. When a black cat jumps on the window sill, when a dog howls and an owl cries, death is near at hand. Mammy knows that and Mrs. Miller makes Mammy show her fear. Later, when the murderer enters the house and commandeers all the food in Mammy's kitchen, Mrs. Miller again gives an idea of how Mammy acts when she is insulted, and how she can wield a rolling pin when the necessity arises.

These two roles make "Fogbound" better than it otherwise might have been. The daughter of a revenue officer, who is killed by his own deputy, is just a screen character, and Miss Dalton can make her nothing else. David Powell is the hero, a rather insipid hero who doesn't seem to become exceptionally worried even when he is chased through the Everglade swamps by bloodhounds.

Martha Mansfield has one of those idiotic flapper roles. She is supposed to use slang, to smoke, drink and gamble. Miss Mansfield has lost no whit of her beauty.

"Fogbound" gives the impression of having been made on the spot. Its Florida scenes are occasionally picturesque, and the fog which sweeps over the swamps on the night of the murder is realistic enough.

While it is not an exceptional picture, "Fogbound" has sufficient novelty to make us recommend it as fair entertainment.

It is unfortunate, however, that Dorothy Dalton does not get the right sort of a vehicle to suit her talent. Here she is just one of the cast.

Jack Pickford gets an earful from *George Siegmann* in *"Garrison's Finish."*

"GARRISON'S FINISH"
Race Track Melodrama

Jack Pickford's return to the screen occurs in an old-fashioned race track play which owns up to every single hackneyed situation which has appeared in race track plays ever since race track plays were first produced. Thus, if you have never seen a racing melodrama, you will undoubtedly be highly diverted by the story of "Garrison's Finish," but if you by any chance have seen a racing melodrama, you will find it a repetition of all the old situations with nary a change.

This mechanically contrived plot spoils the effectiveness of the racing scenes, which are excellently produced and give the effect of reality. The hero of "Garrison's Finish," played by Pickford, is a jockey. He is doped in the first reel and loses a race. In the second reel he gets into a barroom brawl and is knocked out by a blow on the head. In the third reel he is suffering from loss of memory and doesn't know who he is. In the fourth reel he is rescued by a girl, whose father, strangely enough, owns a string of horses. In the fifth reel, he wins the Kentucky Derby and the girl.

"Garrison's Finish" might have survived if the story had not been woefully weak in one particular. Whenever the characters in a movie ignore an obvious means of escaping their difficulties so that the plot may go on to its necessary fifth reel ending, we always feel like getting up in our

is Dorothy Dalton's

Screen star's newest vehicle is story of a woman's love for a hunted man—"Garrison's Finish," "Slander the Woman" and "Divorce" also reviewed by

Lewis F. Levenson

The eternal triangle again! *John Bowers* and *Margaret Livingstone* are caught in the act by *Jane Novak*.

Dorothy Phillips seems afraid of the prosecutor in *"Slander the Woman."*

"SLANDER THE WOMAN"

A Cinema Sin

There are all sorts of bad pictures, but the picture which has the advantages of a good cast, good photography, and pleasing settings, yet which cannot rise above mediocrity, is a sin against the screen. Such is "Slander the Woman," a film which slanders movies.

"Slander the Woman" begins with the usual title crediting the author, the director, the art director, the photographer and the continuity writer. On this title is the line: "With apologies to the Northwestern Mounted Police." Still another line should have appeared: "With apologies to the audience." An easy way to die by apoplexy would be to sit through this film three consecutive times in order to find out what it is all about.

Perhaps we are dumb. Perhaps we don't understand the symbolism of the movies. In "Slander the Woman," for instance, we saw an escaped murderer learning for the first time that he has been proved innocent of the crime for which he was convicted. His bearded face fades out and we see what is apparently another character rushing out of a mansion kissing a child good-bye. We didn't know who this other character was, we had never seen the child before and no sub-title came to our aid. Only after extended thought did we understand at last that the man was the escaped murderer before he grew a beard and that the child was his child. The scene was intended to show that the escaped murderer was a good man after all, because his heart was full of father love.

"Slander the Woman" is full of this sort of gush. The heroine is a woman to whom honor and reputation mean more than life. But when she loses her honor and reputation, instead of killing herself off quietly and ending the misery, she goes off into "God's sheltering wilderness," otherwise the Canadian Northwest. Later on, by means of a sub-title we learn that "strange things happen in the North." Perhaps this information was furnished so that we would not rebel too greatly at the sight of a north woods cabin furnished like a hotel, with suites on an upper floor, and a wardrobe large enough to accommodate seventy-two changes by the heroine.

The story of "Slander the Woman" gets horribly mixed up. At one time everyone in the cast is accusing everyone else of murder. We expected that the mess would end by everyone shooting everyone else, the assembled cast lying dead in a heap for a final close-up. But Allen Holubar, who made this film, was deadly earnest. The hero and the heroine had to clinch at the end, and nothing, not even a sense of humor, could prevent that clinch.

Dorothy Phillips does the best she knows as the impossible heroine.

theatre seat and giving them some good, wholesome advice. Thus, in "Garrison's Finish," the hero arrives in Kentucky suffering from aphasia, not knowing who he is or where he comes from. There he meets a girl who recognizes him as a famous eastern jockey. Yet the girl, who acts as his patron, never tells him who he is, although she knows that his mother is worried to death because of his disappearance. Of course, if she had breathed a word to him, the story would have ended and he would have gone home.

Such is "Garrison's Finish," a well-produced but utterly artificial story of horses and their riders. The girl is played by Madge Bellamy. Clarence Burton and Ethel Grey Terry enliven the plot by their slightly humorous efforts to be villainous. The racing scenes are excellently done.

In particular, the Kentucky locations are beautiful enough to make one wish to visit the land of colonels, horses and warehouses full of Bourbon.

"DIVORCE"

The Art of Staying Married

Poor, but happy, rich but sad . . . such is the moral of "Divorce." If movie producers followed the advice given by their own pictures, they would either have to throw up their jobs or rush to the divorce courts. But real life is not much like this movie, which is based on the ancient bromide that a business man makes a poor husband. Most wives are happiest when their husband has a good job and is suitably busy. Movie wives are never satisfied until they make their husbands lose a good job.

And that is what the heroine of this picture does. She succeeds in causing the discharge of her husband from a $20,000 job. Is it any wonder that the movies are still in a state of infancy? Sub-normal mentality, we should call it. Imagine happiness in a poor-house!

"Divorce" has all the trappings of a pleasing film. The acting is good enough. The settings are pleasing. The photography is mellow. Jane Novak, who plays the remarkably prodigal wife, is quite as beautiful at this moment as any actress on the screen. John Bowers, the slightly errant husband, gives an excellent impression of a man who isn't quite big enough for his job. Edythe

(*Continued on page* 31)

KATHERINE MACDONALD
who will star in
"The Scarlet Letter"

MAY ALLISON
appearing in
Arthur S. Kane Productions

How I learned to look a lion in the eye

By Mrs. Martin Johnson

Wife of well known explorer tells *how it feels* to hunt wild animals within the dark heart of the African forests

As related to Dwight Hildring

"The smaller the animal, the more afraid I am," said *Mrs. Johnson*, speaking of her *African* hunting experiences.

NEVER again need any girl be ashamed of her perfectly natural desire to jump on a chair and lift her skirts knee-high when she sees a mouse. Mrs. Martin Johnson, the bravest of her sex, the woman who has lived on cannibal islands, the woman who has shot lions, rhinos, elephants and other jungle terrors, admits that she is just as afraid of a mouse as the girl who has never wandered farther from civilization than the beach at Coney Island.

"The smaller the animal, the more afraid I am," she explained. "I would run from a mouse, but—well, let me tell you a story. One day I was fishing for sun perch in an African stream. The fish weren't biting and I was getting rather drowsy as the sun was warm. Suddenly I saw something in the river. I looked closer and found it was a full-sized hippopotamus, basking in the sun, half covered by the water, its big mouth opened wide like that of an alligator.

"I didn't run. I scrambled up on a rock so that the hippo couldn't get at me, but I sat there for three hours waiting for Mr. Hippo to get up so that I could take a picture of him with my little Kodak and put something over on Martin, who hadn't seen a hippo yet. But Mr. Hippo just slept, and the next day when we went to look for him, he couldn't be found."

But a mouse! Mrs. Johnson would have run screaming, if a mouse had turned up its little nose at her.

The Johnsons, husband and wife, returned to New York recently after a two-year sojourn in Africa in which they photographed every animal they could find. The public knows something of Mrs. Johnson from having seen her in pictures, but the real Mrs. Johnson defeats all expectations. In the first place she is very youthful. In the second place she is exceedingly good to look at. One might imagine her as a pony in a Broadway chorus or as a stenographer or shop girl, but never as the wife of an explorer and as a daring huntress herself. She is dark, *petite*, girlish. As soon as you see her, you want to ask her how she got that way, how she was able to develop into a woman unafraid, an out-of-doors woman, a woman who can undergo all sorts of hardship, who can not only look a lion straight in the eye, but who has the steel nerves necessary to shoot that lion down before he springs at her.

Mrs. Martin Johnson and her husband, the well-known explorer and photographer, with an *African* native.

HERE IS her story.

"I was born in Kansas," she narrated. "I lived in a very small town and my girlhood was spent as is that of many a small town girl. Kansas girls are home bodies. They learn how to cook, how to keep house. When I was twelve years old I could cook, bake, make a week's bread, pies and cakes. I used to go out occasionally with my dad and shoot jack rabbits in the fields, and we often used to go fishing or horseback riding, but except for the fact that I liked to be in the out-of-doors, I wasn't much different from the average.

"Then I met Martin, who was lecturing and showing pictures of the trip across the Pacific he had taken with Jack London. We fell in love with each other and we married. I was very young, too young, one might think, for marriage, but Martin happened to be exactly the right sort of man. In the first place, he was adventurous. We tried to settle down, but that couldn't be done. So we started to travel around the country.

"Then we got tired of doing that, so one day Martin said to me:

"'Let's pull up stakes and go off somewhere.'

"'Where?' I asked.

"'What do you say to the South Sea Islands?'

"'Fine!' I replied, having no idea as to what the South Sea Islands were like.

"We started out for Tahiti, and when we got there we bought a little launch and made for an island lost in the Pacific. There Martin landed and I found myself in the midst of about four hundred naked savages, the only white woman on the island. I didn't like it at first. I missed so-called civilization. But soon I began to go out and shoot for food, and fish, and soon I learned more of the technique of keeping one's self alive on a wild savage island, and within six months I was so acclimated that I liked it immensely.

WE STAYED there for two years and made the pictures which were released several years ago, the first cannibal pictures to be shown in America. Then we went back again, and at the end of our second trip we decided to go to Africa.

(*Continued on page 29*)

The New Mary Pickford a woman of strong sex appeal

Latest picture of *our Mary*, produced under direction of Lubitsch, reveals famous screen star in new light

By Grace Kingsley

Mary Pickford, world-famous movie star, who is announced by *Miss Kingsley* as having found herself in a new role.

Ernest Lubitsch directing *Mary Pickford* in a scene from *"The Street Singer,"* her forthcoming picture.

THE WORLD is going to be dumbfounded when it sees Mary Pickford in "The Street Singer!"

It is going to see a Mary of fire, of force, of unlimited, though quite unconscious. sex appeal.

A humorous Mary, truly, because it wouldn't be Mary without humor—but with the humor subordinated to the womanly charm, the brilliant mind, the feminine lure, that are Mary's very own.

Ernest Lubitsch plays upon the sub-conscious mind of the actress. He brings that sub-conscious mind to the surface. He did that with Pola Negri, with the result that genius like hers, freed from the trammels of convention, graceful in its expression, has not been seen on the screen.

Not that Mary Pickford will be anything like Pola Negri. Hers will be a new sort of freedom, a new sort of genius—but it will reveal all the fire and force and passion and fascination of the real Mary.

I venture to say she will become *the* favorite of male fans, appealing not alone, as heretofore, mostly to nice old ladies, cake-eaters and kids.

For she is clay in Ernest Lubitsch's hands, and Lubitsch is determined to show the world the real Mary Pickford.

Mary has shrunk from the idea of growing up. I know that. But the shrinking was not due to vanity, but to an almost Puritanical dislike for revealing the fact that she was a grown woman, with a grown woman's feelings and emotions. She preferred to play around in the safe shallows of childhood.

But Mary has courage. She does not permit herself ever to be really blinded. She realized that to continue to be dear to her public, she must really keep ahead of it.

So she took the plunge.

BUT SHE was too clever to try to take it alone. For after all, an artistic revelation of the soul is different from a revelation in real life. It must be technically correct. It must know where to place the high lights. And so she gave herself unreservedly to Lubitsch's hands. I think Lubitsch himself is surprised.

"Mr. Lubitsch was a little bit afraid of me, I know he was," Mary said to me. Then the sun came out in her face. She was much too modest to say it for herself. But just then Mr. Lubitsch took me aside.

"I have never been so delighted with an actress; I have never found one who appealed to me so much. She has temperament and fire, as well as charm and grace. And she has tremendous creative intelligence. I am delighted."

Is Mary Pickford turning vampire in "The Street Singer?"

I asked her that. the other day on the set.

"Why," answered Mary frankly, "every woman is a vampire. Sometimes she doesn't know it. Sometimes her sex lure is quite unconscious. But she uses it just the same. And sometimes it is more powerful used in that way."

Mary herself vamps everybody from the king down to the guard in "The Street Singer."

But she is quite a new kind of vamp on the screen. Here is the power of the young girl hardly conscious of her power, who makes innocent, joyous use of it. Yet there will be all the fire of womanhood in her more emotional scenes.

An odd thing—I do not think that Mary Pickford herself realizes how much she is acting in this picture.

We were chatting about acting between scenes, Mary, Irene Rich and myself. Mary was saying she disliked what she called over-acting, and she rose and gave us a very funny burlesque of that sort of thing.

"Why I played Glory Quayle in 'The Christian' when I was fifteen," she said, "and I thought emotion meant heaving the chest at the rate of sixty miles a minute. People don't act that way in reality."

A LITTLE later, Mr. Lubitsch called her into a scene. Miss Rich and I kept on chatting. Mary had disappeared. Suddenly the director called out. "Miss Pickford!" A door opened. Mary appeared. It was as though an electric shock had passed over me. There stood Mary, her eyes flashing, herself an embodiment of fire and force, as she denounced her false lover!

I shall never forget that moment as long as I live. It was a revelation. It was as though our lovely child Mary had, in the twinkling of an eye, become the passionate woman!

So I thought I was ready for any new sensation. But I was wrong. In the next scenes Mary, at the deathbed of her lover, wept. And I wept with her. But Mary herself, I am sure, never realized the extent to which she really "emoted." However, Mary without humor wouldn't be Mary at all, and when she came back, she was laughing about the train to her dress.

"It's so hard to get my train started!" she smiled. "And oh, what a long tail our cat's got!"

Lubitsch has a fairly hypnotic effect on his players. He works out every role until he is worn out.

"At the end of a scene his hair is torn and his teeth are gnashed!" Mary laughed her gurgling little laugh.

(*Continued on page 29*)

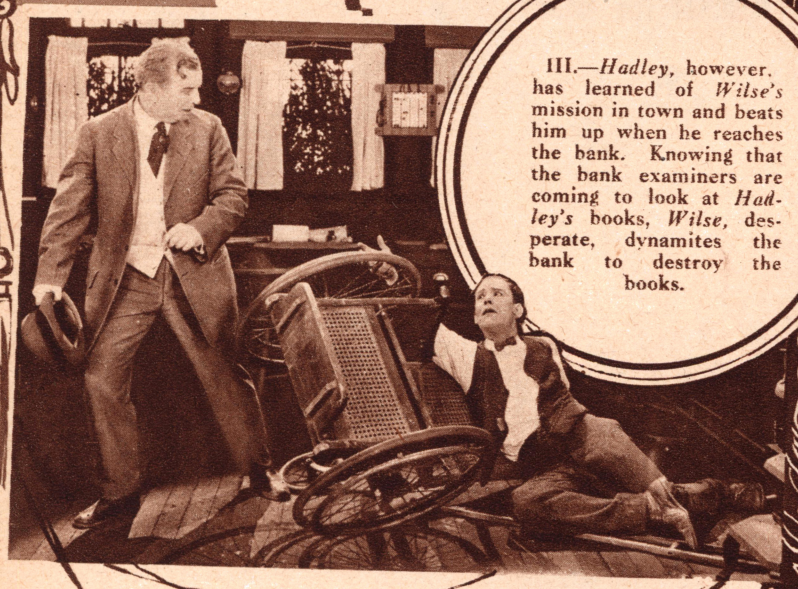
"The Shock"

Piles Thrill upon Thrill

Lon Chaney's latest vehicle is lurid melodrama

I.—*Wilse Dilling* (*Lon Chaney*), a cripple and a crook, is sent to *Fallbrook* by *Queen Anne* (*Christine Mayo*), ruler of the underworld, as part of a plot to ruin *Hadley*, the local banker.

II.—But *Wilse* falls in love with the banker's daughter, *Gertrude* (*Virginia Valli*), and his love awakens his better nature.



III.—*Hadley*, however, has learned of *Wilse's* mission in town and beats him up when he reaches the bank. Knowing that the bank examiners are coming to look at *Hadley's* books, *Wilse*, desperate, dynamites the bank to destroy the books.

IV.—*Gertrude*, who is passing by, is seriously injured. As her father's fortune is lost, *Wilse* spends all his money to cure her and wins the banker's forgiveness.

V.—*Queen Anne*, however, furious that *Wilse* has double-crossed her, has *Gertrude* kidnapped and carried away to the underworld, while *Wilse* is held prisoner.

VI.—Unable to go to her rescue, *Wilse* exercises his newfound faith in prayer and the miracle happens. The walls crumble—it is the *San Francisco* earthquake—and *Queen Anne's* gang perish. Among the emergency cots, *Wilse* finds his beloved.

Can Men Forgive?

Sixth absorbing instalment of "The Life of a Movie Actress," in which Rita lives down her past and finds happiness with the man she loves

By Mary Jessop

"I had often dreamed of the day when *Robert* would kiss me."

What has happened thus far: **When Rita Rogers is eighteen, her father loses his money and soon dies. She and her sister Grace move to New York. Rita becomes a salesgirl in a department store. Robert Allen, head of the firm, recognizes in Rita the daughter of his old friend. He insists that she take a vacation at his expense. Rita impulsively kisses him. She returns to the glove department. The two girls are living at Mrs. Carey's boarding house, where Rita meets Fred Randall. Meantime Grace dies. Randall makes love to Rita. One night Mrs. Carey finds him in Rita's room in his pajamas with Rita in his arms. Mrs. Carey orders them both out of her house. The next day at the store, Rita, sobbing violently, tells Mr. Allen the whole story. He tells her he loves her and proposes that she become his mistress, explaining that he cannot marry her because his wife refuses to divorce him. She decides in favor of his proposition and they live together as man and wife, until one morning Rita receives word that Robert Allen has been killed in an accident. His son informs Rita that his father had arranged to invest $500,000 in her name. She tours the world with a Mrs. Benson, a former stage celebrity, as companion. While in Paris she suddenly decides to go into the movies and starts for Hollywood at once. At the hotel in Hollywood she meets Fred Randall, who is now a motion picture publicity man. They go for a moonlight automobile ride together, and Fred proposes to Rita that she become his mistress. He tells her he will make her a big star. Horrified, she demands to be taken home.**

THEN IF we'd bust up—and I guess folks always do, married or single, why there'd just be the price of a divorce saved and you'd be so famous you wouldn't need me anyway. Or, for that matter, keep Miss Benson with you. She's considered class by all the real folks in the profession. I knew her when she was a companion of (he mentioned a very prominent actress on the legitimate stage. One you all know and admire). It'll make it appear more respectable to the public, and I really wouldn't live with you, you know—that is, not at your house. Perhaps you'd sometimes come to mine. I've some bungalow, old dear—Japanese servant and all."

I listened until he was through, fascinated with his audacity, then too stunned to move. I gave one short cry of anguish.

"Oh, Fred, how could you! Do you think that because—because I sold myself once there wasn't any good in me, that I'm only fit to become another man's mistress? Suppose you were the marrying kind, would you marry me, knowing what you do?"

"No, my cards are on the table, Rita. I've thought it all out. At first I was stunned, then I used to think about you a lot. There might be children. It wouldn't be fair to them."

I ROSE to my feet and asked him to take me back to the hotel. All the joy had gone out of me. I didn't want to marry him anyway, but I had been so happy because I had run across a playmate. In the past months I had missed the companionship of a man. And besides, it looked as though here was the right man to help me realize my ambition to become a great actress and this I felt sure he would have done had it not been for his knowledge of Robert Allen. Then, too, if he felt this way about marrying me, others would reason it out the same way, which almost eliminated the possibility of my ever marrying. Or suppose I married someone and didn't tell the man of my past, I would always have that feeling of uneasiness about his finding out after we were married, exactly as I always felt about Mrs. Benson, only multiplied to the nerve-breaking point.

I looked up at Fred Randall as I stumbled toward the waiting automobile.

"How soon do you expect to tell Mrs. Benson?" I asked dully.

"Aw, forget it. Do you think I want to make you unhappy? What have I got to gain by telling the world? I tell you, I like you better than any girl I ever met. Believe me, plenty of girls in Hollywood would jump at the chance to stand in with a prominent publicity man. You know, it isn't so easy to bust into the movies at all, let alone become a star, and of course that's what you want."

"That's what I'll be," I flashed back at him. Then I added more uncertainly, "that is, if you'll let me alone, if you won't go around telling people about me."

"I'm a rotter all right, Rita, but I'm not that kind of a rotter. I don't believe that ever in my life I repeated anything that would ruin a girl's reputation."

"And yet you'd put me in a position where people would talk about me—you'd ruin my reputation in that way."

HE SMILED a queer little smile, and I knew he was saying that I had already attended to ruining my reputation, or at least ruining myself.

"Oh, take me home at once!" I cried piteously. "I never want to see you again. And I was so happy when I saw you at the hotel today. I felt as if I'd found a friend in this big, lonely world."

He took my hand in his as he helped me into the car, and for a minute he held it and looked into my face. "You have found a friend, Rita. Lord, child, I don't blame you. I know how alone in the world you were, how young, how poor——"

"It wasn't the poverty so much, Fred," I managed to say. "It was the loneliness, the hunger for kindness and affection. He gave me those,

(*Continued on page* 28).

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

On Again—Off Again

Well, it seems that Pola and Charlie are on the outs again. At any rate, Miss Negri isn't wearing Charlie Chaplin's ring any more and she says that she is "too busy" to marry.

"And so," she added, "is Charles."

Though Miss Negri would not admit that her engagement to Chaplin is definitely broken, she did announce that so far as she was concerned, matrimony is of secondary importance.

And she emphasized "secondary" with flashing eyes.

The rift between Pola and Charlie grew when Miss Negri was vacationing at Del Monte, California, before beginning work on her new Paramount picture, "The Spanish Dancer." During the time she was away, she and Charlie never communicated by phone.

"Even if it's to save my life, don't try to communicate by long distance," Pola told him, and seemingly, he took her at her word. She couldn't, she said, understand very well over the telephone. Afterward, according to report, she sent him a message, "Can't you take a joke?"

Evidently he couldn't, or else he didn't consider that a joke, because even then he didn't call her up. This is the third time that engagement has been broken—isn't it said that the third time is the charm?

Another Screen Marriage in Prospect

Will the beautiful Claire Windsor marry again?

Dame Rumor says yes.

When Miss Windsor returned from New York a few weeks ago, she admitted to friends that she wished she could have stayed longer and said she was too busy to see a lot of people she wanted to see. It seems that her real reason for wishing to stay in the east was because of a famous tenor to whom she is reported engaged. Claire seems partial to tenors; her former husband sang tenor in a Denver church.

Miss Windsor was greeted on her return from New York by her little son, who looks just like her. Billie worships his beautiful mamma, and brought her some flowers. She handed him a huge box of New York chocolates, and when he alternately ate chocolates and kissed her, she didn't mind a bit that her lovely face got all streaked and smeared, she was so glad to get back to Billie.

And the Actor Was Right

Eric Von Stroheim's whole afternoon was spoiled the other day because H. Gibson-Gowland, playing the lead in "McTeague," refused to stand against a wall while a knife thrower aimed knives all about him. Von Stroheim himself stood up and took a chance, just to show the actor there was no real danger, but Gibson-Gowland refused to believe that one of the knives might not hit him instead of the wall.

"And it would take just one knife, you know," he explained, "to make a lot of trouble for me."

And we rather believe he's right!

Every palace has a key, and so has *Goldwyn's "Palace of the King,"* in the person of *Kathleen Key.* SEELY.

Shirley Mason's in Style

Shirley Mason recently underwent an operation for appendicitis, following the example of her sister, Viola Dana. And now, says Viola, there's not a single appendix left in the family.

Doug's Leading Lady Quits

Most of us would be thrilled to death at the idea of being Doug Fairbanks' leading lady, but Evelyn Brent, who was chosen for that honor, has just handed in her resignation. Not that she didn't appreciate her good fortune, but she just couldn't wait any longer. It seems she has waited eighteen months for him to make up his mind what he was going to do.

However, there are no hard feelings. Doug says he understands exactly how she feels about the matter, but he simply couldn't start in on a picture till he was sure it would be a good one, and successful.

There's a Lot in a Name

There's a lot in a name, thinks Derelys Perdue, who has just won out in a heated argument as to what her name should be. It seems that Derelys was the name she preferred as being particularly suited to her exotic type, but the Film Booking Office insisted that she be called Ann, as the screen liked simplicity.

And so the discussion went on, until recently when some of the officials of the Film Booking Office went west to give their studio the once-over. And there they took one look at Miss Perdue's talkative black eyes and decided that those eyes could never belong to a girl named Ann. So they told her she should continue to be "Derelys" just as long as she chose.

More Kids in Pictures

The Duncan sisters, it seems, are about to go on the screen—rompers and everything. Lasky and Fox are both said to be negotiating for their services. However, they won't refuse to play grown-up roles sometimes.

Jackie Coogan may cease to be a screen star says De Sola

Character analyst defines face of *youthful Jackie* and hazards prediction that infant screen star will choose a *more conservative career* as he grows older

By Vincent de Sola

NOTE: *What is the secret of each screen player's personal magnetism? With what traits of character does he or she command attention, hold the public, win affection?*

Mr. de Sola will answer questions such as these by a scientific physiognomical analysis of the features of each player as he or she actually is, as we would find them to be through long acquaintance, close study, and intimate contact.—EDITOR.

"It is not easy to say what *Jackie* will become in the course of years," declares *Professor de Sola.*

Jackie Coogan

CHARACTER READING: *This immature face has the maturer qualities of personal magnetism. Mature also is the humor, which is developed more greatly than the usual child's humor. It is an extremely perceptive and observant head. There is candor, fluency of expression, and visual intelligence present. Stoicism, unique for a child, is present, and some obstinacy. There is trustfulness and determination apparent.*

THE PHYSIOGNOMICAL reading of a child's features must, of course, be somewhat limited. To some degree, most children are alike. Their basic personalities are dormant and appear cloudy or vague until self-realization and growth spring them overnight into a fully developed character or type.

In this analysis I shall therefore say something of Jackie Coogan's character as it now is, and something in the way of a loose prediction as to how this character is likely to develop.

One thing is at once apparent. Apart from the boy's good looks, there is that peculiar combination of features, too intangible to be analyzed, that bespeaks at once to everyone, not merely the physiognomist—the gift of magnetism. To go into this subject, itself an obscure one, would require many more pages alone than the space alloted in Movie Weekly to these physiognomic portraits.

I should like to speak of certain qualities of the face which seem already maturely developed. One of these is the stoicism of the mouth, probably an inherited and instinctive trait of protection. A reverse of fortune, a juvenile disaster, great pain itself, it is safe to say, this child would bear with little flinching and small self-pity.

The humor is also mature, almost grotesquely so, as if the understanding of the odd or whimsical side of life had outdistanced the knowledge of it.

The long, upper lip has strength in it, and a certain dramatic effectiveness. Some obstinacy lurks in the chin, but the eyes and nose lack vindictiveness or suspicion of any sort. This immature character is one that could almost always be appealed to by tenderness, and is more easily moved by suggestion, or liking, than any other method. There is candor in the wide, observant eyes, and no furtiveness in any of the features. There is some curiosity present, and an excellent imaginative power.

Trustfulness is also declared by the eyes, and in this typical child-like quality is one of the boy's strongest assets for a lasting popularity. The artist is born and not made, we are given to understand, and it is safe to deduce that Jackie Coogan is a veritable artist, following a precise instinct for selection without the labored hesitation of the untalented.

The nostrils declare the presence of the mimic's ability, and there is determination in the steadiness of the glance and in the contours of the jaw.

MOST OF all is this boy watchful, perceptive, and visually intelligent. He sees more than possibly even those about him give him credit for. Little, we may be sure, escapes that vision, and he is packing it all away in his mind for proper classification and a system of valuation which shall be his alone.

It is not so easy to say what he will become in the course of years. His face will change as his character changes. It is one of the truths of physiognomy that those who look in their maturity as they did in childhood have either developed very little, or else were born with a fully realized personality.

Jackie Coogan, however, is likely to change. For one thing this is a face which, not insistent on petty privileges, will nevertheless have its own way in the matter of ideas and viewpoint. The artistic streak is defined, but the boy may cease to be an artist except appreciatively.

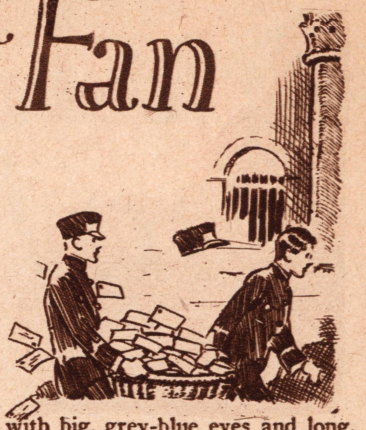
It is a speculation that has interesting possibilities. I should deduce that this temperament may find its expression years later in some other field than the theatre—possibly even in a literary way. The observation and fluency present in the face lead me to this mere "opinion."

But the head has already a practical formation, and it may be equally true that when Jackie becomes John he may embrace a more conservative career. There would seem to be the development of a certain logical quality in the brows, and the lips are oratorical enough to make some great trial lawyer out of the materials of character before us.

Everything depends almost entirely upon the mind, upon, actually, the child's analysis of life as it comes to him. Certainly he has thus far lived a life more spectacular than that of most princes in the history of the world, and for all

(*Continued on page 29*)

Where Fan Meets Fan



Have You Ever Met a Screen Star?

Many of you, perhaps, have had the good fortune to see your film favorites in person. If so, we should like to hear your experience. For the best letter on this subject, that will not exceed 150 words, we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to LIFE'S PROBLEM DEPARTMENT, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

I have lived in Hollywood, so it has been my good fortune to meet quite a few movie stars.

The one and only movie star that I ever met who truly impressed me with his genius and lack of "upstaginess," was the diminutive star, Jackie Coogan. I had the pleasure of meeting him during the filming of "Peck's Bad Boy," at the Mayer Studios on Mission Road, Los Angeles.

A friend of mine brought him over to where I was sitting and introduced us. "Hello," grinned Jackie, "I'm glad to meet you." What an unself-conscious little chap he was. Jackie made me feel that he really was glad to meet me. He must have learned very early in life what an aid a real smile is when you are meeting somebody.

I watched young Coogan as the actor and as himself. That phrase, "Be Yourself," describes Jackie better than a 500-word article. He is. And witty—well, he's almost a riot. I can't help but quote an incident that rather amused me during my visit at the studio.

One of the character actresses of the company had just completed a scene in the village grocery store. She came over and sat down beside Jackie and me. Jackie looked up at her and asked, "Aren't you just a beginner in the movies?"

She looked at me with a grin and replied, "Why, yes, I am, Jackie. Didn't I do very well in that last scene?"

"Oh, yes, you did fair," he retorted and then concluded knowingly; "but I can always tell an amateur."

He grinned, called his dog, and was off, leaving an impression of "Regular Fellow" behind him.

G. M. C.

Thomas Meighan Almost Disappointed Her

One day I was thrilled at the news that Mr. Thomas Meighan was coming to Cleveland for two days. On the second day of his visit I bought an autograph album and walked to town. He had given a special performance for the orphans that morning and I arrived there just as the show was over.

I walked into the lobby, meeting him and two other men, just coming out. They stopped directly opposite me, about three feet away. My heart was pounding so and yet, try as I might, I could not summon courage to walk up to him and ask for his autograph. After they went outside, I entered the theatre, very downhearted. He appeared on the stage later in the afternoon, and was so nice. He is tall, slim, and has jet black hair and deep blue eyes.

After he withdrew from the stage, I hastened to the rear of the house and waited for him 'till he came out into the theatre. As he drew near, I dashed forward, frightened, but determined, and asked if I might have his autograph. He was almost three times as big as I and had to stoop down to hear what I said. After I told him twice he straightened up, saying, "Oh, I'd never get finished if I started that," and he started away.

I felt so forlorn. I am an orphan, too, and somehow or other I couldn't realize he would disappoint me. I started to rub my eyes when he suddenly turned saying, "Oh, well. Give it to me. I have only a minute—just a minute," and he wrote his name. After he left, I was unmindful of the many stares at me, for I was so happy. That is why I like Thomas Meighan. I always had thought his regard for orphans wonderful, but even at that moment, when doubt assailed me, I knew he would not fail me. My faith in him is still unshaken, for he had made me a very happy little girl.

MARY SCHWAB.

Gloria Caused Excitement in a Beauty Parlor

I am employed in a fashionable beauty salon on Fifth Avenue. About 3:30 p. m. a whisper went through the office that Gloria Swanson was there;

It may be raining daffodils instead of *April* showers, but *Betty Blythe* isn't taking any chances. She wears a bathing suit.

and in the course of five minutes, the whole office had found some reason or other to necessitate their going down to the treatment floor.

I was there with the rest, of course. I only partly saw Gloria Swanson, I only caught a glimpse of her head. But I can think of hundreds of people who would be thrilled if they caught so much as a glimpse of her.

Gloria Swanson's pictures can never possibly do justice to her. She has the loveliest milk-white skin imaginable, with big, grey-blue eyes and long, curly, black lashes and—but why go on?

I have never been enthusiastic about Miss Swanson, but now that I have seen her, I can honestly say that any fan who has ever been doubtful about Miss Swanson's exquisite beauty, can now be assured that Gloria is more beautiful than any picture published of her.

SARAH DAVIS.

When William Farnum Thrilled High School Girls

About five years ago, when I was going to high school, I had the pleasure of seeing William Farnum.

Our school (an annex of the High School of Commerce), was right next to the Fox Film Offices. It was during lunch hour, that he made his appearance in the street. Well, the fellows almost mobbed him. They were all running after him to shake him by the hand. He took it very good-naturedly and shook hands with as many fellows as he could.

He made such a hit with us, that we all got to class late and I guess a lot of us failed in our studies for the afternon.

EUGENE B. SIMON.

Harry Myers Is an Old Friend of Her's

The thrill of my life came when I visited my brother, an officer at Ellington Field, and found the Goldwyn Film Company had sent a cast there to make a picture.

My joy was complete at finding Harry Myers there as leading man.

How I had idolized this man when he was such a favorite in the old Lubin Company and played opposite Rosemary Theby.

My brother and Mr. Myers were very good friends, and he was very nice to me, called me little sis and treated me like I was of "sure-'nuff" importance.

While taking scenes in Galveston, I was begged by oodles of girls to introduce them to Mr. Myers, and although I was brimming over with joy at being so royally treated by such a handsome man, I acted as though it was quite an old thing to me. Not every girl has such an opportunity.

LOUISE OLIVER.

Mary's Musical Voice

It has been my good fortune to see numerous stars in real life. I have spoken to Clara Kimball Young and Anita Stewart, and was a neighbor of the Talmadge girls in the days when Norma was a beginner and Constance was still in school, but the most fascinating star I have ever seen is "Our Mary."

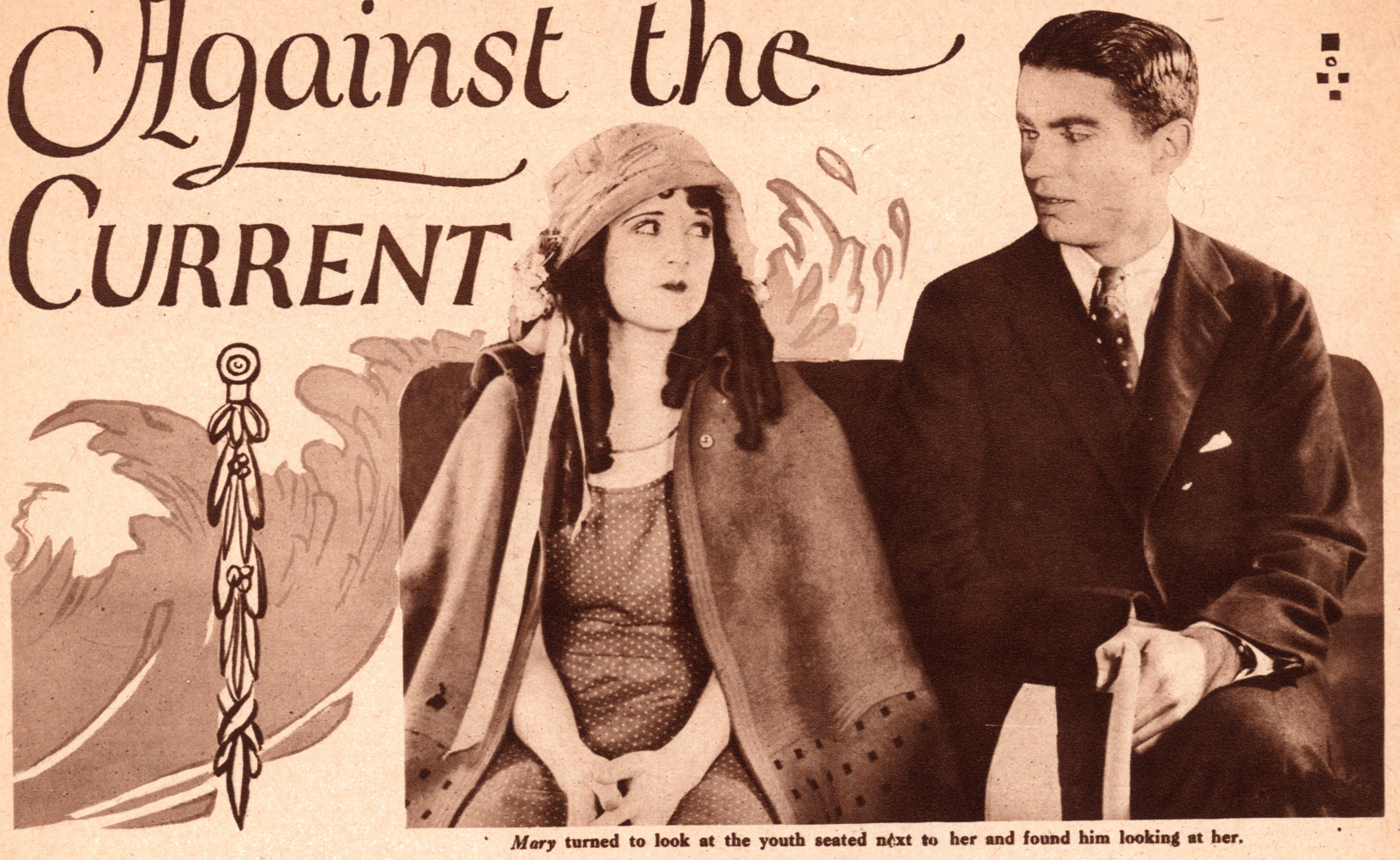
I shall never forget my first glimpse of her at the premiere of "The Three Musketeers." Words fail, when one tries to describe her wondrous beauty, and she has, besides, the most enchanting personality and the sweetest, most musical voice I have ever heard.

Doug was present also, but even he, wonderful though he is, must remain in the background, for there never was, and I am sure never will be, anyone quite as charming and lovable a person as Mary.

So here's to "America's Sweetheart," may she reign for years to come.

MARIAN CLAIRE FARRELL.

Against the CURRENT



Mary turned to look at the youth seated next to her and found him looking at her.

Mary seeks work among the studios of Hollywood in this third fascinating instalment of *"Mary of the Movies."* Fictionized from the Film Booking Office's picturization of Louis Lewyn's original story.

By Charles Warnerby

What was related in the preceding instalment:

Mary, younger daughter of the Mack household —a family in very moderate circumstances living in a small Arizona town—is good looking, intelligent and ambitious to become a movie star. Lizzie her older sister is the main support of the family. Jack her younger brother is a wheelchair invalid. Ray Cannon, son of the richest man in town, loves Mary but she is so callous to his attentions that he finally proposes to another girl to the consternation of her family. An operation on Jack is necessary but it will cost one thousand dollars. Mary, on learning of this, takes her fate in her hands and with nothing but fifty-six dollars which she has scraped together through long months of self-denial, starts for Hollywood, determined to become a movie star. Arriving in Hollywood she takes a taxi to the nearest hotel. The clerk says $12.00 and Mary thinks he means per week. She is thunderstruck on learning he means $12.00 per day and as she is starting in embarrassment from the desk her valise flies open all its contents tumbling out. She meets Rosemary an extra girl who takes her to the Studio Club where she shares her room with Mary. Rosemary tells Mary of the uphill climb to stardom and Mary weary, lonely and a little bit afraid starts to write home.

MARY was awakened at seven the following morning by a soft tapping on her door. Raising herself on her elbow in bed, she called, "Who's there?"

"It's I, Mary," the voice answered, and an instant later Mary had leaped out of bed and run across the carpeted floor in her bare feet to admit Rosemary.

Rosemary came in completely dressed, but looking tired. The contrast between the two girls was indeed striking, for whereas Mary had all the color and freshness of a flower in full bloom, Rosemary resembled in ever so slight a way a flower that had faded. Part of this was explained perhaps by the droop that she suggested and that came probably from disillusionment and a more or less continuous loss of sleep.

"I hated to call you so early, Mary," Rosemary explained, "but out here in Hollywood, the work starts very early in the day in order to take advantage of the sun, for as long as possible. It's daylight saving on an advanced scale."

"Oh, I'm glad you did," Mary responded as she quickly combed out her hair and prepared to dress. A washbowl in a corner of the room provided Mary with the facilities for a slight toilette, and this done she rapidly exchanged her nightrobe for the more conventional apparel of the street.

Rosemary slumped into a chair and as women will, sat watching Mary dress, with eyes that held both admiration and envy.

"Goodness, child!" she finally exclaimed, "but you're a marvel. How did you ever keep out of the Follies?"

Mary laughed.

"I lived a long ways from them," she replied, "and besides—it's manners to wait until you're asked."

The morning sunlight had brought new hope and courage to Mary, and the loneliness that she had known on the night before was swept away in the great tide of confidence that surged over her in her determination to succeed in Hollywood, come what may. Even home, in Oasis, had retreated again to its formal place in her thoughts; nor did the problem of Jack's operation seem half so harrowing now that daylight had come with its renewal of promise and cheer.

"I'm ready, Rosemary," Mary said at last, as she adjusted her hat in the bureau mirror and turned to take up her pocketbook and secure the key.

Together the two girls descended to the diningroom, where already a host of other girls were gathered, engaged in eating a hurried and scant breakfast. Mary and Rosemary seated themselves and after eating as quickly and as sparsely as the rest, for breakfast, most of the girls had found, was the best meal to economize on, they left the Studio Club and set out down Hollywood Boulevard.

The wide, white thoroughfare, flanked by its bright shops and pretty apartments with boxes of flowers adorning the windows lay agleam in the glow of the California sunlight—a color prospect that was blue and white and ineffably lovely to the eye. Mary responded to the beauty of all about her with almost childish enthusiasm, for her healthy young body and untroubled mind were perfectly in tune with it.

"I just know they're going to make a star of you," Rosemary murmured as she led the way on out to the F. B. O. studios which, as she had explained, would be their first port of call. Mary thrilled happily at the words and already the vision of country houses, limousines and servants swam before her and seemed a reality soon to be realized.

The two girls entered the F. B. O. Studios and went directly to the Casting Director's Office. A few people, including two girls Mary had noticed at the Studio Club the night before, were gathered there, and Mary and Rosemary joined them on the long wooden benches that lined two of the walls.

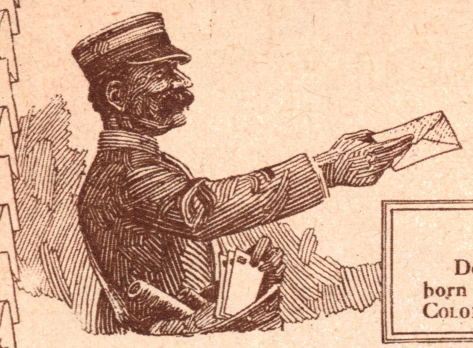
Next to Mary sat a dark young man with a pleasant face who was apparently waiting, like the rest, for the Casting Director to appear. Rosemary nudged her.

"That's Craig Biddle," she whispered. He's the son of the Philadelphia Biddles and a millionaire in his own right."

Mary turned to look at the youth seated next to her and found him looking at her. She rather liked his frank open countenance, and the fact that he was interested so much in the movies established a bond of common interest greater than the first. The knowledge of his wealth and of the fact how little a thousand dollars would mean to him made her, in thinking of Jack's extremity, realize the inequality that exists in life.

"I don't care!" she told herself fiercely.

(*Continued on page 28*)



Yes, K. K. K. Maurice Flynn Is Married

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you want to know when and where your favorite screen star was born or whether he—or she—is married? If so, then write to the COLONEL. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

K. K. K.—I'm so relieved that your K. K. K. does not mean the Ku Klux Klan. I shouldn't like to have them trying to pull my whiskers. Maurice Flynn is married to Blanche Palmer. He is about thirty. Jack Hoxie is married to Marin Sais. None of the actors you ask about gives his age. "The Ne'er-Do-Well" should reach your town very soon.

A BLUE - EYED BILLIE BOUNCE—So this is the first time you ever wrote to a Colonel? Think of that! Are you going to celebrate the anniversary of the occasion every year? Hope Hampton can be reached at the Warner Brothers' Studio, Bronson Ave. and Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; Lois Wilson, Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood; Patsy Ruth Miller and Herbert Rawlinson, Universal City, Cal., and Alice Calhoun, Vitagraph Studio, 1708 Talmadge St., Hollywood. Most of them will send you their photographs free, I think.

BEATRICE — No, I've never been in Cuba; it's too hot for me there. How did you guess that I bobbed my whiskers to keep the birds from nesting in them? You see, I bought a new necktie and wanted it to show. Marie Prevost is five feet four in height and weighs 123 pounds. Pearl White went to Europe for a rest. No, I don't think Helen Holmes will play in serials again; she is making feature pictures.

PET—Then, I suppose, all the parties you go to are petting parties. Monte Blue is thirty-three and Niles Welch thirty-five. William Farnum is forty-seven and Houdini about the same age. Gaston Glass is about twenty-nine.

SMILES—Are you the smiles that make us happy? Ruth Roland is thirty; she is divorced from L. C. Kent. She has no children.

O. U. KIDD—So you want to know what I wear, a beard, mustache or what? Well, I'll tell you; I wear a collar! Write to Tony Moreno at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Charles Hutchinson lives at 801 Riverside Drive, New York. Alice Lake, Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood, and T. Roy Barnes, International Studio, 127th St. and 2nd Ave., New York.

AGNES AYRES FAN — It's thoughtful of you not to want to crowd anyone else out. The only fans whose letters I don't answer are those who look for their answers in the "next issue"—after I receive their letters—which, of course, is already in print. Miss Ayre has light hair and grey eyes. She lives at 1615 Martel Ave., Hollywood. Bebe Daniels is five feet five, has black hair and blue eyes. Rudolph is about five feet eight inches tall. Pearl White is five feet six and has red hair and blue eyes.

RANAVARO—Yes, you're right, "Yours till Niagara Falls" is pretty stale. I nearly kicked the sides out of my crib laughing at it—also stale! Richard Dix is now with Paramount. Probably the issue in which I gave his address still as Goldwyn had gone to press before he signed his new contract. Gloria Swanson can be reached at the Famous Players Studio, Astoria, L. I., and so can Bebe Daniels. Billie Dove at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood, and Barbara La Marr—who is now on her way to Rome—can be reached through Samuel Goldwyn, 383 Madison Ave., New York.

Does anyone want to let *Louise Fazenda* practice on him?

MOONSHINE—First I say the stars are married, you accuse me, and then I say they're not. Well, don't you think that's pretty true? Warren Krech recently played in "The Town That Forgot God." Richard Talmadge is not married. Maurice Flynn is married to Blanche Palmer and Jack Hoxie to Marin Sais.

SUNSHINE—Oh, I know you; they named some biscuits after you.

A JOHN GILBERT AND BERT LYTELL FAN—Ah, then you should be happy; there was an interview with Bert Lytell in last week's issue. John Gilbert is twenty-eight and about six feet tall. He is married to Leatrice Joy. His latest picture is "Madness of Love."

FLIP—But not too flip, I hope. Madge Kennedy is Mrs. Harold Bolster. She is about twenty-nine, a brunette, about five feet three inches tall. You will soon see her new picture, "The Purple Highway."

MOVIE CRAZY—Well, if you must be crazy, it might as well be about movies as anything. The chief reason we never published a picture of Jack Rollins is that most people never heard of him. I've no idea what he is working on, as I haven't seen his name mentioned in any recent casts.

JACKIE FROM THE WILD SOUTH—You must mean South Africa. Yes, Buck Jones served in the World War; he has been in both the cavalry and the aviation corps. Harry Carey can be reached at the Robertson-Cole Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood. Write to Ramon Novarro at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Vola Vale's address is 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles.

I. O. U.—The fare from New York to Los Angeles? Don't get me mixed with the railroad information man. Georgia Cooper lives at 4415 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

A SWEET BUNCH OF VIOLETS—You must be all wilted since you wrote. Yes, David Powell is married; he is about forty. No, his wife is not an actress.

THE MOVIE FANS — Jack Mulhall would be pleased to know that he is your favorite actor. Write him at 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. He is playing with Constance Talmadge in "Dulcy." He might send you his photo free.

M. DARLING—I can guess what everyone calls you! Richard Dix is twenty-nine and a bachelor. He is six feet tall and a brunette. Ralph Graves is six feet one and has brown hair and blue eyes. His wife, Marjorie Seamon, died a few months ago. Write him at the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

SALLY AND IKIE—You don't look alik-ee, then, do you? Johnnie Walker is twenty-six and unmarried. Buddy Messenger is fourteen.

H. M. K.—When you are in a hurry for your answer, always enclose a stamped envelope for personal reply. I have a long waiting list for space in the magazine.

BROWN-EYED RACHEL — Probably your answers have already been published by now. Constance Talmadge is a blonde with brown eyes; she gets her mail at 1540 Broadway, New York.

THEODORA—I'm sorry I have no information about Ralph Cloninger; he is evidently a newcomer to the screen. It is rarely that I have the birth dates of the players listed, only the year in which they were born. Ramon Novarro was born February 6, 1899; Pauline Garon was born in 1904, Albert Roscoe, 1887; and Edward Hearn in 1888.

R. S. V. P.—If you want to be sure you have the correct address for Thomas Meighan, you couldn't do better than to write him at the Lasky Studio, Astoria, Long Island. Rex Ingram is working on "Scaramouche" at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

UNDER the COOPER-HEWITTS with The CAMERAMAN

LIGHTS! . . . WE HEAR. That Eric Von Stroheim. The film director. Was recently much distraught. So it is reported. Because an actor in the company of "McTeague." The Frank Norris story. That Goldwyn is producing on the screen. Refused to stand against the wall. And let a knife thrower. Toss knives about him. We suppose the actor lost his job. For this preposterous objection. But it reminds us of the late Bert Williams. And his skit in the Follies called "He Seldom Misses." Perhaps the actor who objected to being used as a target. Had seen it, too.

BARBARA LA MARR. On the eve of sailing for Italy. Where she will take part in the filming. Of "The Eternal City." Signed a contract, it is said. With Universal. In which was expressly stipulated. That Miss La Marr was not to be advertised as a star. But was simply to be billed as a featured player. Just what the answer to this riddle is. We are frankly at a loss to say. Or can it be. That it was just inserted. As the old conundrum used to phrase it. "To make it *hard*."

MARY MILES MINTER. So it is reported. Will enter Keith vaudeville. And make appearances twice a day. Providing material of sufficiently high class a character. Can be found fo. her. Well, well, well! Now that we know. How Miss Minter feels about vaudeville. How does vaudeville feel about Miss Minter? For is it not a poor rule, That does not work both ways?

A. E. NEWBOLD. A well-known English exhibitor. Has just issued the statement. That he has found British films. To compare unfavorably with the films of other countries. Even going so far as to say. That he has "laughed, cried, loved, hated; been gripped, excited, startled, shocked. But never bored"—except by British films. Well! If this be true. We shudder to contemplate. What those "British films" must be like. When we recall. Some American pictures we've seen.

THE AUTHORS' LEAGUE. Held a banquet the other night. Which was supposed to celebrate. The First International Congress. On Motion Picture Arts. There were many speakers. And some were good. And some were not so good. But one in particular. Recalled to our mind the remark of a friend. Who when told that a certain character appeared in a play. For the ostensible purpose of comic relief. Observed dryly. Well, he may be comic. But he's no relief.

SPEAKING OF SPEAKERS. Who attend banquets. And sit at the Speakers' Table. And when called upon, arise. And talk for indeterminate periods. Brings back to mind. What William Collier once remarked of Louis Mann. A speaker at a meeting of the Fidelity. Had excused his oratorical deficiency. By the expressed regret. That he did not have the command of the English language. That Louis Mann possessed. At which Mr. Collier exclaimed. "Louis hasn't got command of it. He's lost control of it!"

A WHILE AGO. We printed a story. About King George of England. Who rebuked some of his royal family. For hobnobbing with movie folk. On the West Coast. When the story was printed. A voice that was irate and English. Called us on the phone. And after an interval of violent vituperation. It ended by threatening. To seek out the author of the story. And give him a jolly good horsewhipping. Only he didn't say "jolly." Well, we recounted the threat. To Mr. Kelly, who wrote the story. And who lives in Tarrytown. To which Mr. Kelly replied: "Well, tell him to come up to Tarrytown. There'll be more room for him to swing the whip. Up there."

FORREST HALSEY. The scenario writer for Distinctive. Recently declared at a luncheon of the A. M. P. A. That the custom of producers. In purchasing at fabulous prices books and plays. For motion pictures. Was all wrong. And that the crying need of the screen. Was for original stories. Written expressly for the screen. Which, as Mr. Halsey pointed out. Is a different medium. Than the stage or library. Thank you, Mr. Halsey. It's the first sensible thing we've heard about motion pictures. And their improvement. In quite a while. The Authors' League. Please take notice!

MAURICE TOURNEUR. The well-known director. Has issued the statement. That too much attention. Is directed by producers. Toward producing what he called "beautiful effects." That a slum, instead of being just a slum. Was something else again. And that scenes depicting affluence. Are so overdone. As to constitute a caricature. And not a portrait of life. Mr. Tourneur's statement. Is like a voice crying in the wilderness. How often have we sat through pictures. And wondered when the time would come. That all rooms in the movies. Were not seventy feet long?

"WITHIN THE LAW." Which has just been made into a photoplay. With Norma Talmadge. As Mary Turner. Is also printed in book form. Which bears upon the back of its colored jacket. A list of books and plays. Including among others. "The Flirt," by Booth Tarkington. And "Main Street," by Sinclair Lewis. Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera! As Will Hays would say. And does so often. Above the list appears the statement. That "feature photoplays have been made from these titles." From these *titles*, mind you. Oh, well! Perhaps that is what. So often is wrong. With the movies.

THE OTHER DAY. At Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street. We were prevented from crossing. By the passage of a police parade. In token of something. Or other. We forget which. But an inspiration, we think. Of our illustrious mayor! And while we stood there. We could see upon the opposite side. An Italian street cleaner and his broom. Who stood patiently, waiting. Even as we. The uniformed men. Continued to pass. Until there appeared. As a pleasing variety some brown-clad men. A company of regulars. In the United States Army. And as they came abreast. Bearing the colors. The street cleaner opposite. Stood at attention and gravely saluted. We recalled the thing. That the French call "gesture." Somehow it seemed. Rather beautiful.

Screen Shadows of Coming Events

MATT MOORE, in the title role of "Captain Applejack," announces that he is in the market for a pair of asbestos trousers. One of the highlights of merriment in the comedy requires the actor to slide down a long and slippery bannister, feet foremost. Rehearsal took all the usefulness out of three pairs of trousers and threatened the studio with spontaneous combustion!

"THE VIRGINIAN" is at last to be played by someone of the proper age for Owen Wister's hero. William S. Hart formerly played in the picture at the age of forty or so, and then came Dustin Farnum, who played the role at a similar age. But now comes the announcement that Preferred Pictures is to screen the story again and Kenneth Harlan is to play the lead. As Kenneth is only twenty-eight, they feel that it is most appropriate for him to play a hero of about that age.

"WHEN A WOMAN REACHES FORTY," a story written for the screen by Royal Baker, is also to be produced by Preferred Pictures. Many interesting stories could be written about women we know who have reached that age, but the trouble is, when a woman does really reach forty she never, never admits it.

REX INGRAM, busy on "Scaramouche," finds that the old flintlocks which he is using in the picture are no joke to operate. In fact, it takes four men to shoot off one of the things—one to hold the pistol, another to see that the flint and steel combine to make a spark, a third to keep the victim from running away and a fourth to help the marksman in case the bullet comes out at the wrong end.

"Either these flintlocks are suffering from old age," says Rex, "or committing murder back in the eighteenth century was a four-man job."

WALLACE BEERY, it seems, was so well cast in his characterization of King Richard in "Robin Hood," that he has accepted the crown more or less permanently. At all events, he is now busily at work on the title role of "Richard, the Lion-Hearted," which Associated Authors is producing. The story is a screen version of Sir Walter Scott's famous novel, "The Talisman," and it looks as if Wallace Beery were to spend much of his movie life going on crusades. Others in the cast include Kathleen Clifford as Queen Berengaria—no relation to the steamship—Marguerite de la Motte, John Bowers, Tully Marshall and Charles Gerard.

LOIS WILSON is what you might call a "moving director." At least she was on the payroll as "assistant technical director" for "Only Thirty-eight." It seems that when William de Mille was preparing for scenes in "Only Thirty-eight," featuring Lois Wilson, May McAvoy, Elliott Dexter, and George Fawcett," he realized that the opening shots, a house on moving day, must be quite correct to pass the critical eyes of the women movie fans. And Lois, having just helped a friend move into her new home, knew all about the way houses looked on moving day, and her expert knowledge brought her in an additional check.

Mary of the Movies

(Continued on page 25)

"Someday when I'm a star, a thousand dollars won't mean any more to me than it does to him!"

"What's the matter, dear?" inquired Rosemary.

Mary turned with a start of embarrassment, and looked into her new found friend's inquiring eyes.

"You looked as though you wanted to eat somebody up," explained Rosemary.

"Oh! I was just thinking," Mary responded.

THE abrupt entrance of the Casting Director caused an anticipating flutter to pass over the waiting group, putting an end to the two girls' conversation. Mary was glad of this, for she didn't like to be quizzed about her secret aspirations.

"Nothing today!" the Casting Director announced in a stentorian voice, and to Mary watching, with keenly observant eyes, it seemed that the entire gathering seemed to droop in weary dejection.

"Come on, dear," Rosemary proposed, and Mary rose and followed her out through the open doorway.

"There's no use hanging around if there's nothing doing," Rosemary explained further, as they made their way up a long straight avenue to where, in the distance, projected the low roofs of another studio and another Casting Director's Office.

Noon came and found the two girls still going about wearily in quest of work, and Mary now began to understand why hope in Hollywood so often oozed out of the anxious screen aspirant and drove her, only too often, back to the shelter of the old home town where sympathy and love awaited her.

"But it never will me!" she answered determinedly. "I'm here to stay; to try or to die."

Work in the studios on the sets and on location seemed dull that season, indeed was dull, for over-production had glutted the market, and a general retrenchment policy on the part of the big producing companies in the East was in effect, and conspired with peculiar malevolence to injure the wage-earning capacities of the extra people in Hollywood.

There were hundreds—yes, thousands of them, too, it seemed to Mary, who were existing along from day to day in the fugitive and frantic hope that sometime, sooner or later, would come that golden opportunity for which all sought—the opportunity to play a real part in a big picture, and from thence . . . stardom!

It can be readily seen, therefore, that the pipe for many of them was at most times drawing freely. It was the eternal mirage of screen success against which, for the individual, flowed a current too strong by far for the strength of the average to breast. And it was a current that carried many of them under.

Late that afternoon, Rosemary and Mary decided to call it a day and turned weary feet toward the Studio Club.

"Don't be discouraged, Mary," Rosemary said, as they strolled slowly home. "One day of this sort of thing doesn't even scratch the surface of what is in store for us all the year around. Remember that tomorrow is another day and that at any time you may strike gold."

Mary smiled gratefully at Rosemary.

"It's awfully sweet of you, Rosemary," she said, "to encourage me as you do. I don't know how I'd get along without you. I'm afraid I'd even now be on a train bound for Oasis."

Even as Mary said this, she knew it wasn't true, for nothing that had happened thus far, nor anything else a great deal more, could have induced her to return to that hot, dry, little Arizona town which she called home.

As they neared the Studio Club, Mary saw a large, beautiful roadster drawn up before the curb, with a blonde young man seated at the wheel. The blonde young man reminded her of the picture she had left behind at home, and this in itself was enough to make her interested. An explanation from Rosemary followed.

"Why, if it isn't Creighton Dale!" she cried, as they drew near the bright-colored roadster.

The blond youth turned and an instant later he was out of his car and shaking hands with Rosemary.

"I've been waiting for you," he explained with a smile that Mary liked "I called and they said you would probably return shortly. How are you, anyway?"

ROSEMARY turned to Mary and presented her friend, Mr. Dale.

"This is Mr. Dale, Mary," he said. "Creighton, I want you to meet Mary Mack."

Tired and dusty as Mary was, her beauty, somehow, seemed strangely heightened by the color in her cheeks, the damp lustre of her dark hair, and the sparkle of her eyes. It was evident, too, that young Mr. Dale had an eye for details and an appreciation of feminine charms that was nothing if not a credit to him.

"I'm very glad to know you, Miss Mack," he told Mary cordially, and, by the way he said it she felt almost certain that he meant it.

"We've been making the rounds of the studios, Creighton," Rosemary said wearily, as she leaned one arm upon the cushioned back of Dale's roadster. "But there's nothing doing anywhere, it seems."

"I know," Dale replied. "I've been around myself."

Mary stared with surprise at this, for she had not thought of Rosemary's friend as a movie actor. He seemed too aristocratic for that—barring, of course, the striking exception of Craig Biddle, who was in a class by himself.

Her wide eyes of interest did something to Mr. Dale that presumably a great many other eyes had failed to do, and his proffer that followed proved but the confirmation of what her instinct, when he first smiled at her, had told her.

"I'm going to the races at Tia Juana tomorrow," he said impulsively. "Wouldn't you girls like to go along with me?"

The invitation perplexed Mary—not so much by the fact itself, as by the problem it presented of obtruding between her mission of finding work in the studios. That before all was her paramount consideration.

"I'm sorry, Creighton," Rosemary returned, "but I'm going over to the hospital tomorrow to see Laura Fitch. I've promised and I don't want to disappoint poor Laura."

Dale's eyes uncertainly sought Mary's with a mute petition, and Mary felt intuitively that the invitation had been directed mostly at her. She liked him, too; he was so far removed from the standard of masculine charms established for her by Ray Cannon. Alongside of Creighton Dale, Mary's erstwhile Oasis swain was as Andy Gump to Rudolph Valentino. But there remained the necessity for continuing to search for work.

"I—I'm afraid I can't go, either," she said regretfully. I'm making the rounds of the studios."

"Oh, go along, Mary," Rosemary urged. "A day won't make any difference and who knows?—you might meet someone out at the races who would discover in you a new Mary Pickford."

The advice was tempting to take, and Mary at last acknowledged the question in Dale's eyes by bowing her head.

"Well, if you think it won't make any difference," she murmured.

"Of course not!" Dale rejoined heartily. "Well, then, that's fine. I'll be around for you at eleven and we'll have lunch together and slip along out to the track."

In another moment, he had said goodbye and was gone, while Mary was climbing the steps to the Studio Club with Rosemary.

"Isn't he nice?" Rosemary queried; and then, without waiting for an answer, she added: "He's just out of college and out here seeking screen fame like the rest of us. His father is very rich but when he learned of Creighton's screen ambitions he disinherited him. Creighton's mother keeps him going, when he's out of work."

Mary considered in silence, thinking again of the morrow and of the steadily dwindling fund of her cash on hand. How long could she continue at the present rate with no income? She wondered.

"He's nice, isn't he?" Rosemary asked again evidently seeking Mary's opinion of Dale.

"Yes," Mary replied. "I like him."

Nor did she realize, as she spoke, just how far this liking for Dale was going to lead her.

(To be continued)

The Fighting Blade

(Continued from page 11)

the Last Man," keeps up the present tendency toward western films. Richard Dix is the hero, and Lois Wilson, of "The Covered Wagon," again plays a western girl.

Pola Negri's next picture is "The Cheat," a modern production of that famous film play which originally brought Sessue Hayakawa to the fore and which established Fanny Ward as a screen actress. Jack Holt plays Pola's leading man, and the other featured players include Dorothy Cumming, Robert Schable, Charles Stevenson and Helen Dunbar. George Fitzmaurice is the director.

Life Story of a Movie Actress

(Continued from page 21)

and they meant more to me than his money. You failed me. And it wasn't until you had that I went to him. If you had asked me to come with you then, I might have done it—because I believed I loved you. Would that have been wrong?"

"Gosh, don't take it so seriously. Of course you weren't to blame."

"Then why wouldn't you marry me now? Why do you think I'm only fit to be your—mistress?" The word almost choked me.

He didn't attempt to explain, but because he was honest, he couldn't say that he considered me fit to marry. Heartsick I was driven back to the hotel.

In a way, this experience was a blessing to me, I've always believed, for it put me on my own resources to make good in pictures, though, to be sure, Mrs. Benson, with her acquaintance among theatrical people, was helpful in assisting me to get interviews with the people I needed to meet.

There is not one of you who read this story who has not seen me many, many times on the screen. You read of me in the newspapers and magazines, and see my pictures on bill-boards or my name in electric lights on Broadway. And the strange thing about it is that because I am a star in the company which now hires Fred Randall as publicity man, many of the things you read about me are written by him. He has never failed to say kind, helpful things about me. What a queer mixture of good and bad the man is. I often find myself trying to understand him, but I never can.

I CONTINUED to live with Mrs. Benson after I had become a movie actress, and we both rose quickly in the profession. She is one of the best known "mothers" on the screen.

Eventually, I met Roger Ramsey. I cannot call him by his real name because you all know of him. He writes many scenarios for enormous productions, and while I had starred in some of them I hadn't met him until one of our friends dropped in on us one day and brought him.

The way he looked at me embarrassed me though there was nothing offensive about it. He seemed to devour me with his eyes. Afterward he told me that he had loved me long before he saw me—he loved my pretty face and my nice, straight, boyish figure. And, too, he loved my clean reputation, for during all the time I had been in Hollywood, no one had ever been able to find fault with any of my actions.

(Concluded next week)

Al Jolson Griffith Movie Star

(*Continued from page* 8)

male musical comedy star who has ever had a theatre named after him. He thinks that it is the biggest joke in the world that the Moscow Art Players, with their high brow Russian program, should have played in his theatre.

Later on, when Jolson is playing in the Griffith studio at Mamaroneck, Movie Weekly will try to give a picture of him as a movie star. But the Jolson of today is the black-faced comedian, sitting in his Winter Garden dressing room, the bare-legged girls of the chorus lounging about backstage, each one worshipping him for his personality, his wit, and his genius.

"Don't believe all you hear about me when I get into pictures," he says. "I've managed to get along without a scandal thus far. Maybe I'll have to dig one up before I can make a hit on the screen. You know, I hate to disappoint the fans."

But we dare say that Al Jolson will be too busy to worry about scandal when he gets into pictures. He has that faculty.

"In the meantime I'm going to take a rest," he added. "You know, I had an invitation to go on that trial trip of the Leviathan. I was all set to go until I heard that half a dozen women were to be invited. What chance would I have with 594 men in the company, and only six women.

"But maybe I'll go. Of course, the congressmen and senators along on the trip will want me to take my banjo with me and to sing a few songs for them. It'll be 'Al, let's have a song,' and 'Al, let's have a joke.' I hope they've got a decent piano player on board the boat."

And when Jolson gets to Mamaroneck it'll be the same thing.

For it's not the easiest thing in the world to be a comedian. Ask Al Jolson, if you don't believe me.

The New Mary Pickford

(*Continued from page* 19)

Mary is a Spanish girl in "The Street Singer." She generously admits that it was a clever little extra girl, a Spanish girl, who aided her in making the right gestures.

"I'm Spanish," said Mary, "but I haven't once put my hands on my hips! Don't you think I show self-control? However, the little Spanish girl and Mr. Lubitsch taught me how to narrow my eyes and look vampirishly out of them!"

By the way, Miss Pickford is a perfect Castillian type. And she has a right to be! For she had a Spanish great grandmother, and the story about her would make a good play in itself.

Why William S. Hart Was Falsely Accused

(*Continued from page* 5)

There is one more point to clear up in this unpleasant situation. It has been alleged and openly declared that Hart signed an agreement to pay a trust fund to Miss MacCaulley, ostensibly to support the boy she claimed belonged to them, and to keep her story under cover. Mr. Hart flatly denies that he ever signed any such agreement.

"I repeat I never made any trust fund for the support of any other child than William S. Hart, Jr., my own wonderful son by my wife. I never signed any such document nor have I any knowledge of any such document. I refused to pay a nickel in this apparent blackmail plot, and told the District Attorney and my own lawyers I would not. But, later, it now seems, they saw fit, without my knowledge or consent, to make some kind of a money settlement," declared the actor.

Falsely accused of being the father of a bogus baby, and driven into silent suffering on this account, William S. Hart is now back with us, his record in life wiped as clean as a school boy's brand new slate. He is a bigger Bill Hart than ever. For he has proved himself to be the man in real life that we dreamed he was from the things he did on the silver screen. It is safe to predict that he will soon go back to making pictures now that the signals are all set for a clear, clean road ahead.

Movie Weekly believes it speaks for millions of fans and readers when it tells William S. Hart that he cannot come back in a movie too soon. We are all waiting, Bill, to give you the glad hand!

How I Learned to Look A Lion in the Eye

(*Continued from page* 18)

"We started out from Nairobi, which is the capital of British East Africa and we went across the desert, which is about a thousand miles in extent, until we reached the big oasis which we have named Lake Paradise. It is about four hundred square miles in area and is filled not only with game of all sorts, but with elephants, rhinos, hippos, and in the forest land below with lions.

"It took two years to make our latest picture and it only takes an hour and a half to show the results of that trip on the screen. But those two years and the hour and a half have taught us that we shall never be satisfied with civilization again. First of all, I can't stand the noise in New York. Second, in New York the wealthiest woman has only her clothes, her limousine and her home and friends. There I have everything. I can walk out into a field and imagine myself the Queen of Africa, and there isn't anyone within hundreds of miles who can dispute me. The climate is mild, like spring in New York, and the evenings are always cool. We have a wonderful lake all our own, and more food than we could eat in a lifetime.

"You know, people talk a lot about the advances made by civilization and the wonders of radio, the automobile and so on. But civilization is totally artificial. One doesn't need an automobile or a radio set on Lake Paradise. The animals are seldom dangerous. They leave you alone if you leave them alone. And you can have good health, happiness and every natural thing you desire.

"So, after we have disposed of this picture, we plan to go back there. We are going to build a big log cabin. We are going to take with us native servants and four little automobiles. We are going to stay over there five years. We shall take our own cattle with us for milk, butter, cheese and meat, and we shall grow our own garden produce and grain. Mr. Johnson is experimenting with cameras and we expect to have apparatus which will enable us to take pictures of every living species in Africa.

"These pictures will be shown publicly first and then, as have our other pictures, they will be turned over to the American Museum of Natural History for its archives."

THAT IS Mrs. Johnson's story. Looking at her you can't believe that she is the woman who is going to turn her back on luxury, comfort, and civilized life, and is going to the jungle for five more years.

"Civilization isn't worth the trouble it causes," she added. "We will fight no wars out there. We shan't have to worry about jobs or money. We shan't have to dodge taxi-cabs. Civilization? I tell you what I think of it. Out in the South Sea Islands is a young native. His father was a cannibal and so was his grandfather. A missionary became interested in him and when he was a boy took him to America, where he studied medicine. That son of a cannibal is practicing medicine out there now, and he is as good as the average American doctor. That's what I think of the so-called progress of man. When you can make a scientist out of a cannibal, civilization doesn't mean so much, does it?"

It apparently means little or nothing to Mrs. Johnson, who, she declared, would rather look a lion in the eye than pass through the turnstiles of the subway and take a chance with the rush-hour crowd.

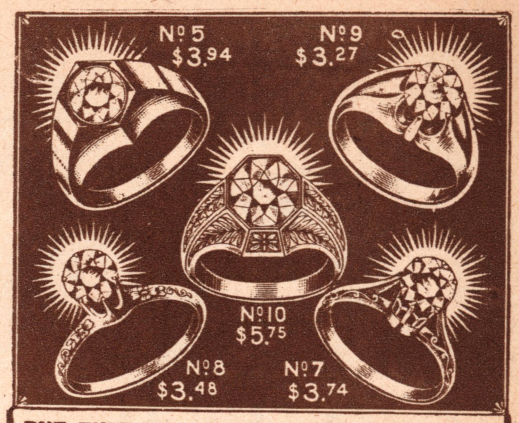
Jackie Coogan Analysis

(*Continued from page* 23)

his close care and guardianship, there is a chance that he, too, knows it.

Years later, if he turns over scrap-books containing the press records of his success, the intimate articles concerning his juvenile life, and discovers this query among them, he may look back and wonder.

Meanwhile he is here, a popular and famous figure, with qualities that make him keep one, even with a fickle public, for sometime. If he can escape the vaudeville "showmanship" of his parents, that time may be as long as his immaturity—and longer.



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Saving Wayward Girls Is Vera Gordon's Mission

(*Continued from page 7*)

—nothing home-like about it, I mean. So I gave a benefit for them; we took in several thousand dollars at the box office, and I got up and spoke to an audience of women, pleading for funds for these poor little orphans. When I finished, several women were overcome with emotion, and we raised ten thousand more that day. So now those children are in a real home; they call the couple in charge mother and father and love them just as any children love their parents. The home is strictly *kosher*, and the religious influence is the very best.

"You know," Mrs. Gordon added a little shyly, "it makes me happier than I can tell to see my picture in the rooms of all these orphans. In fact, it pleases me more to find my picture in some servant girl's room than in the room of some girl of wealth. I like to give happiness to those who haven't much.

"When I was in St. Louis, a man came up to me in the lobby of the hotel where I was stopping and asked for the fare to Denver. He had tuberculosis, and he looked as if he couldn't last more than a week or two. The tubercular aid society had sent him out there once, and he came back too soon, thinking he was cured. And of course they wouldn't pay his fare out again. I told him he could count on me and gave him five dollars for a square meal. He was almost starved and owed his room rent.

"Of course everywhere I go people recognize me and come up to speak to me, or to ask me to dinner. So that night, everyone who came up to shake hands was asked to contribute something to this poor man. And I got a hundred dollars in that way.

"I didn't hear from him for a long time—until several years later, in fact—when he came to see me in Minneapolis. And do you know, you'd never believe it was the same man, he looked so well and husky and had a job. I almost cried with happiness when he told me what my little assistance had done for him."

And when you talk to Vera Gordon, you are quite convinced that she means every word of it. We nominate her for the Hall of Fame, not because she is a great screen mother, but because she has the biggest heart in the world!

Separate Occasionally and Stay Married

(*Continued from page 9*)

Perhaps, after all, it will be a great blessing if King Vidor and his wife blaze a trail to the kind of marriage that fits the temperament and the schemes of creative artists. To quote Mrs. Vidor once more:

"We hope to find some middle ground upon which we may stand and together attain the maximum amount of happiness which can come to a husband and a wife. It is my earnest hope that our experiment will meet with such a result.

"The decision to separate was arrived at after going over the situation frankly together. I cannot prophecy that our attempt will be a success or a failure, but there is far more at stake than I can put into words."

Of course you would like to know the exact conditions under which they are making this experiment. Well, to begin with, they are making no deliberate attempt to avoid each other. On the contrary, Vidor and Florence are often seen together in public places at Los Angeles and Hollywood. They frequently dance, dine and enjoy athletics together. But it is assumed from observation and hearsay that this is as far as their present relations go.

The film director is occupying bachelor quarters quite a distance from his former home. It is said that he calls at certain times to visit his little daughter, who lives with her mother and cannot understand why her daddy doesn't come home every evening to kiss her good-night.

Neither of the Vidors have admitted that they are going to follow Fannie Hurst's example when it comes to a bi-weekly breakfast for infrequent husbands and wives. Most likely the first time they do breakfast together, Hollywood will wag its tongue and say "scandal!"

Harold Lloyd's Autobiography

(*Continued from page 13*)

today. Before beginning it, I must point out that it is composed of a series of apparently unrelated incidents, all of which fitted together to form the mosaic of my life, but none of which have that continuity which is characteristic of the romantic tale. Romance in real life is something quite different from romance in fiction, on the stage, or on the screen. Romance in real life is made of little moments of discovery, of happiness, and of reward, and not of big dramatic thrills.

So I may say that one of the great romantic moments of my career came when I arrived in New York for the first time. You will remember that once I tossed a coin to determine whether I would go to New York or to California and that I went to California because fate directed me there. So I came to New York eventually under quite different circumstances from those I would have experienced if the coin had turned its other face.

It happened in this fashion:

Hal Roach had put everything he had into his comedies. They had succeeded. Roach did not try to save pennies. When Pathe advanced first $1,500, then $2,000 to him for a picture, he used all the money. Success had thus come to him.

But to me, at that time, it had brought progress. My final contract with Pathe at the beginning of the two reelers called for $150 a week, with an option of renewal at $300. When the contract ended, Roach offered me a continuation at the first figure.

I was angry. I talked it over with him, but he was firm. So I decided to quit.

One morning I woke up resolved to carry my case to Pathe. I told my father I was going to leave Los Angeles and go to New York, and that I expected to leave at 11:15 that morning. Dad thought I was crazy. He assured me that I was losing an opportunity that would never come again. I wouldn't listen to him. I packed my bag and went.

SO I ARRIVED in New York, Bagdad-on-the-Hudson, the city of cities, without a friend among the millions of its inhabitants. I went to my hotel, uncertain as to my fate, gambling all on a desperate resolve to appeal to Pathe. But, like all young folks, I also had an eye open to a good time, so I walked about the streets that first day, taking in the sights, trying to forget my troubles.

When I returned to the hotel I found a message.

"Mr. Brunet wants to see you in the morning."

Mr. Brunet was the head of Pathe, the active head. I did not know that he was aware of my presence in town. I was so surprised I could hardly sleep that night.

On the following morning, I went to his office. Thirty minutes later I had a new contract at $300 a week, and he had insisted on paying my fare back to California, on buying me all the theatre tickets I wanted, and on giving me a week's wonderful vacation.

So I both ate my cake and had it anew.

The next upward step occurred on my return to Los Angeles. I was now full of enthusiasm again and ambitious to rise still higher. Moreover I knew that I could never rise far if I stuck to my grotesque Lonesome Luke make-up. Although it was distinctive and individual, yet I had been criticized by some for apparently imitating Chaplin.

I did not want to be an imitator. I wanted to have a character of my own.

One day I went to a Los Angeles theatre. I saw a serious, dignified drama, in which all the characters were serious, dignified persons. One wore tortoise shell glasses. As I sat there in the theatre, my own problem of a new character came to mind. Then came the best thought of my career:

"Why wouldn't it be funnier," I thought, "to see a dignified, average, everyday, American character in ridiculous situations than to watch a clownish buffoon such as I have been playing?"

That night I bought a pair of tortoise shell rims, and on the following morning I went to the studio, discarded my Lonesome Luke make-up, and put on a neat business suit. I looked, for all the world, like a college boy.

I showed my new make-up to Hal Roach and he approved it. He liked it so much that he decided to make a series of college boy comedies.

(*Concluded next week*)

Play Reviews

(*Continued from page 15*)

Chapman gives another of her impersonations of a flighty woman of middle age. Philippe de Lacy is a most expert child actor, playing the role of the little child who leads them back to the cottage for two.

Indeed, "Divorce" might have been a pleasing film of married life if it hadn't been built around a situation which is so contrary to all common sense and human experience that an audience must average less than ten years of age if it is to fail to note its implausibility.

"NO LUCK"

Why Is Lloyd Hamilton?

The obvious personality of Lloyd Hamilton, that fat, good-natured comedian who appears every so often in an Educational comedy, is a possible subject for those who are fascinated by the problem of what the public wants. Hamilton's screen face is that of a tenth-grade cretin, an imbecile who looks as if he ought to be spending his time knitting socks in an institution for the weak-minded.

Hamilton usually plays up to his looks. That is to say, he acts pretty much as an imbecile would act. And his comedy plots are equally mad, without much continuity, and in the case of "No Luck," with neither beginning nor end.

Yet audiences roar their laughter at Hamilton. Let him play the trombone, as he does in this picture. Let the trombone slide out and get caught in the wig of a dancing woman. Let the trombone slide in, carrying the wig with it, and the audience screams.

Both Lloyd and Chaplin, and even Buster Keaton, play sympathetic fools on the screen. Hamilton looks silly. He is occasionally guilty of using gags which are downright offensive, as in "No Luck," when gooey candy sticks to his hands.

Yet fans seem to like Hamilton.

Why?

Is weak-mindedness funny?

Make Divorce Easy for Women, etc.

(*Continued from page 3*)

elsewhere. When this happens, he is for a divorce at once. And what happens? They separate, they divorce, but is it a success?

"The same elements of inconstancy that were present in the first marriage prevail in the next, and the second affair gives no surer promise of happiness than the first did. So, in this way, divorce has proved itself to be a pitiable, abject failure."

We nodded, for we understood now, and we agreed with her utterly.

"But what is the answer to it all?" we questioned. "What condition of things *will* make it possible for two persons to live together married for a lifetime without having to resort to divorce?"

Miss Baird laughed a little and shook her head dubiously.

"You're a man," she said, "and I don't know that you'll agree with me. But my solution of it all would be to make divorce easy for women to procure, but hard for men."

Our eyes widened as we took in the full purport of her words. She saw it and laughed again. Then she became serious.

"If this were done," she continued, "there would be fewer divorces, and people perhaps would hesitate a little more before they leaped into matrimony."

"Don't you think," we questioned, "that women would take advantage of such a condition?"

Miss Baird shook her head.

"No," she replied. "I know my own sex and I'm prepared to say they wouldn't abuse the privilege."

"Good-bye," we said, rising to go. "We thought we knew something about marriage, but we've concluded we don't." And we meant it, too.

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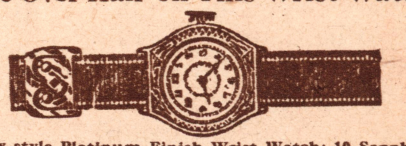

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